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## THE CRITIC.

## TO READERS.

AS ANNOUNCED, the "CRITIC" will in future be published monthly, in an enlarged form, with its contents devoted entirely to the literature of the month, reviewing all the books and other publications, and presenting just such a collection of the intelligence relating to the books and authors as is required by those classes who, having now daily papers, want leisure to read weekly a journal containing literature alone.

The CRITIC, thus enlarged and rearranged, will be enabled to review, in the same honest and independent manner as hitherto, all the new books and other publications, and to gather together the book news for which it has obtained so great a reputation, so as to be a complete and faithful guide to the Book Club and Library. The leading articles on the Literary Topics of the month will be continued.

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Advertisements must be sent to the office for the next number on or before the 12th July, and afterwards by the 26th day of the month.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE EXTRAVAGANT LAUDATIONS just passed upon the Bar of England in the House of Commons by certain of its own members, may possibly be accepted as true for a time by the general public, who are not in a position to criticise too closely the high-pressure words of the speakers. That the Bar has amongst its members very many "good men and true," we must perforce admit, seeing that otherwise it would very speedily fare but ill with that land in which the hopes and fears of all true Englishmen are bound up. But those neophytes who are even half way within that mystic circle, whence are selected all the judges and many of the legislators of England, must sometimes, we fancy, feel inclined to think that if the Bar be a thoroughly honourable, as well as a learned, profession, it is so despite the system by which its sons are elected and trained. We do not complain so much because that system does not exclude personages of the stamp of "Jim the Penman," or "EDWIN JAMES," as because it takes very little pains to do so. Are those spectators in our law courts, who gaze with such awe upon the uncouth wigs of the eloquent pleaders, so eager to make the "worse reason" the "better" one, or *vice versa*, aware how easy it is to earn the right of donning the paraphernalia of the law?

Some little attention is paid to the honesty of the would-be barrister—none at all to his learning, legal or general. It is literally and absolutely true that, so far as learning is required, any man who can manage to write his own name, age, and address, may become a member of the English Bar. As for character, we all know how easily testimonials are given, and how little meaning they have with nine-tenths of the givers. The testimonials of character required by the future member of the Bar is, at best, of the humblest kind, being little more than the proviso that the candidate is, so far as is known, a person of ordinary honesty and good fame. The defenders of the Bar, as it is at present constituted, say boldly, "The Bar is an open profession; it rejects the incapables and employs the capables, and the public are only concerned so far, in that they get the best natural and best trained abilities at the smallest possible cost." This is so far specious that it is about half true, but no more. At least half the business of the Bar is technical or mechanical, and may be performed by a person of very moderate abilities after a slight legal training. Hence, innumerable solicitors who have sons and nephews, and who know that the fees for being called to the Bar are about 150*l.*, treat it as a mere grazing ground for their relatives. Here is an honourable profession provided at once, and so much technical work to be done as will make it in some degree lucrative. Very naturally, then, nepotism flourishes; and by no means to the gain of the Bar. Let any one open a law list, and he will see how inextricably bound up solicitors are with barristers; how some one or more of the members of almost every solicitor's firm of note in the kingdom has a son, a nephew, a grandson, or a cousin in the superior division of the law; and how annually this absorption of the higher into the lower branch of the law is being consummated. What security, too, is there that an incapable barrister be not appointed to onerous posts? though we have not, as yet, got quite so far as New South Wales, where a gentleman became, as Mr. FLANAGAN in his history narrates, Attorney-General before he had been called to the Bar.

It is, we may add, the fashion to repeat boldly the cuckoo cry that the English judges are as pure as their ermine. In one—and the most important—sense they are so, viz., that for very many years

past there has been no suspicion that any person raised to the Bench has prejudged a cause from pecuniary motives. But certainly the expression "pure as their ermine" must be taken of the judges *cum grano salis*. Within the last quarter of a century more than one judge has sat on the English Bench who was notoriously either a drunkard, or a gambler, or unchaste. When another MACAULAY comes to write the history of modern times, it is possible he may have to deal more particularly than is pleasant with the unclean ways of these "Baron Streets."

We have written these words with some pain; but the members of the Bar of England will not ultimately benefit themselves by shouting "Peace, Peace," where there is not peace. If a moderate reform do not take place comparatively soon, "the little speck" that is only ripening to rottenness will in time bring down the fabric about the heads of those who are so earnest to let that which is not well alone.

We have had the advantage of an interview with Mr. WALKER of the Gaboon, and Major LEVERSON, who left the country some months back, purposing to visit the Gaboon in the company of Mr. WINWOOD READE. We have already mentioned the specimens of the gorilla brought by Mr. WALKER. Neither he nor Major LEVERSON have brought any skins; but they continue to asseverate that skins of the gorilla may be obtained at very low rates from the hunters of the coast, and that they could, if so minded, have laden a ship with them. If that be so, the curators of our national history collections (Dr. GRAY not excepted) have been sadly remiss. Before the arrival of M. DU CHAILLU there were only four specimens in Europe, and for the very poor example bought by the British Museum some such sum as eighty pounds was paid. Major LEVERSON declares that he spent about six weeks at and near the Gaboon, and hunted and explored; that he shot several gorillas, and, being accustomed to the large wild game of India, did not find them so formidable as he had anticipated. He can understand, however, that to a hunter who has never shot tigers, the great ape would seem to be a very terrible opponent. He testifies to the truthfulness of M. DU CHAILLU's description of the country, which manifests, he says, "great powers of observation;" but he affirms that the distances are greatly exaggerated. Altogether his testimony tells much more in M. DU CHAILLU's favour than against him. Mr. WINWOOD READE still remains in Africa, hunting, collecting, and exploring; from all which a very interesting book may be expected.

The following note on the review of Mr. PUNSHON'S Sermons by "Atticus" is interesting as an explanation of the reverend gentleman's popularity among his congregation. How many hollow scholars, sham sciolists, SCALIGERS in masquerade, there are who impose their small modicum of borrowed learning upon their still more ignorant congregations, can only be known to those who have curiously explored the many branches of Dissent. We especially call to mind a BOANERGES of this kind, of whom we had heard much praise from an honest tradesman—so much that we were induced to go and listen. "Well, but," said we, "what did he mean by so-and-so?" The enthusiastic follower had no explanation; but he had one unvarying reply—"Ah, sir! but wasn't it fine?"

SIR,—I regret exceedingly, with Atticus, that it is impossible to read much of our modern literature without the aid of a pocket dictionary; and he has done good service in showing that Mr. Punshon himself has fallen into this growing error. But he must not create amusement in Wesleyan Methodist circles by describing Mr. Punshon as an Exeter-hall notoriety. Indeed, so little is this the case, that he will find on inquiry that, though Mr. Punshon's popularity with his congregations is unbounded, his ministerial brethren were apt formerly to think that his sympathies were not nearly so much in unison with Exeter-hall as they could have wished. His range of study, his known passion for the current literature of the day, and his occasional selection of other halls besides that of Exeter, are points that have before now been called in question. His forte lies in elaborate preparation, the result of which is apparent in his sermons, with what success Atticus must judge. The lectures quoted, whatever be their merits, and some think highly of them, are mere episodes in his career; he is known as a great preacher; nor do his warmest advocates claim him as a public speaker. The platform bears the same relation to Mr. Punshon as the violin might to a physician: his friends say he plays well upon it, the public add for him,—I am, Sir, yours, &c. JOSEPH INCE.

We have read with some amusement a comment, which appeared in the last number of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which we fear is not calculated to impress carping M. ASSOLANT with a very favourable idea of the erudition of English journalists in general:

Our amusing friend, Mons. Assolant, breaks out thus in one of his recent *feuilletons*:

Hear the London press! It croaks like a meeting of frogs when you throw a stone into the pond. *Brekeke kek coax-coax*. They are rather surprised, these English.

Again, a little further on, he is thus seized in this wild manner:

*Brekeke kek coax coax*? Ah! you won't admire us, nor our wives, children, lords, bishops, roast beef, and piety! *Brekeke kek*! As for myself, I can only say I am delighted at this outbreak.

What language is it? "*Brekeke kek coax coax*." It certainly is not English—nor is even wild Irish. It may be meant to resemble croaking. If so, we must not be either angry or surprised at a Frenchman being versed in the language of frogs. It is only natural that he should be betrayed occasionally into speaking his mother tongue.

When the writer pronounces that the mysterious hieroglyphics in question are "certainly not English nor even wild Irish," we feel emboldened to answer at once—

There needs no ghost, good sir, to tell us that.

But what if, after all, they be Greek? M. ASSOLANT may not be altogether a SOLOMON, but we are inclined to think that he knew very well

what he was about with his "*Brekekekex coax coax.*" If the commentator of *Lloyd's Newspaper* will turn to the drama of "*The Frogs*," composed by an ancient Greek comedian hight *ARISTOPHANES*, he will find that writer attempted (perhaps unsuccessfully) to imitate the croaking of frogs by the mystic syllables in question. The head and front of *M. ASSOLANT's* offending on the present occasion is, that he paid his readers the compliment of supposing them to possess a very slight knowledge of ancient Greek comedy.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE SCANDINAVIANS.

**A**MONG THE MEN who went over from Iceland to the newly-discovered Greenland to settle there, legend names *Herjulf Bardarsson*, who took up his abode on a point of land which, in honour of him, was called *Herjulfssnäs*. His son, *Björn Herjulfsson*, an able and distinguished man, went forth to warfare, on his own account, after the fashion of the Vikings, commanded his own ship, and had the habit of spending one winter abroad and the other in Iceland with his father. One summer, when *Björn* came back to Iceland, he was told that his father, with *Erik Kaude*, had gone over to Greenland. These tidings *Björn* did not like; and, without dismantling or discharging his ship, he resolved immediately to seek the new land and to spend the winter with his father as he had been wont. Neither he nor any of his followers had ever sailed over that part of the ocean. Nevertheless, though the enterprise was extremely distasteful to them, they launched boldly forth, and sailed in the direction which was deemed the best from the information they were able to obtain in Iceland. As soon as they were fairly out on the ocean and had lost sight of land the wind changed to the north, accompanied by mist and storm, so that they did not know where they were going. In this manner they struggled with the wind for many days, till the storm abated, and the sun's rays, dissipating the mist, enabled them to form some kind of guess as to where they were. They set sail anew, and in the course of about a dozen hours they came in sight of a land wholly unknown to them. It was covered with wood, and small hills were seen here and there, but no mountains. They began to conjecture what country this could be, but did not arrive at any plausible conclusion. They thought that it could not be Greenland, since it had been stated in reference to Greenland, that it was remarkable for lofty and snowy mountains. They turned therefore from the land, leaving it on the larboard, sailed, and in two days came again in sight of it. Approaching the coast they found that it was a level land, far and wide, with trees overgrown. As *Björn* did not deem it advisable to descend on that strange unknown coast, he again steered away from the land, directing his course by a south wind right out to the sea, and after three days sailing land again presented itself. This land seemed to them an elevated region, with naked Alpine peaks and icebergs which appeared old as creation; from the extremely barren aspect of this country they thought that it could not be Greenland. With the same wind, and continuing to keep the coast on the larboard, they steered for the third time out to sea. It came on to blow so hard that they were obliged in part to reef the sails, not to go faster than the ship and tackling could bear the strain of. After a somewhat rambling course they came on the fourth day to a fourth land, which all on board conjectured to be Greenland, according to what had been told them regarding it. They therefore drew near to the coast, and landed on a promontory, this was *Herjulfssnäs*, on which *Herjulf*, the father of *Björn*, had formed his new settlement.

The first glance at the map, if we consider the wind which, midway between Greenland and Iceland stormily drove *Björn* southward and seaward, and then the wind which from an opposite quarter brought him back towards Greenland—tells us what the unknown land lying on the larboard must have been which he discovered when steering northward; namely, North America. The fame of *Björn's* voyage, and of the unknown land far out in the sea, did not stop with the colony in Greenland, but spread to Iceland, and travelled thence over the whole of the Scandinavian North. It was thought that *Björn* had shown far too little curiosity, seeing that he was not able to say anything about the land he had discovered, and had taken no trouble to acquire a knowledge of its aspects and attributes; and reproaches showered on him for his neglect and indifference. There was large discourse about further examining the land, and *Leifr*, the son of *Erik Raude*, the discoverer of Iceland, a man of

valour and vigour, with an imposing presence, abounding knowledge, and winning courtesy, resolved to seek the new land, and investigate it more accurately than *Björn* had done. For the distant voyage he bought *Björn's* ship, which he manned with a brave crew of five and thirty men, among them being some who had accompanied *Björn Herjulfsson*. He set sail, and after a fortunate voyage he came exactly to the land first which *Björn* had found last. He went on shore and examined the region. Grass grew not; lofty, snow-covered tracts were seen stretching far up into the country, and between these and the sea were barren hills, so that the whole land seemed a huge, stony heap, gloomily sterile, just such as the land to the north of Canada, and between *Hudson's Bay* and the sea, is described to us by later travellers. It is called at present *Labrador* or *New Britain*. *Leif Eriksson* gave it, from its natural aspect, the name of *Helluland* or *Stoneland*. Thence he steered again out to sea, and came to a level land covered with wood; the shore was as low as the land was level. Drawing close to the coast, he cast anchor and went with a few followers in a boat to examine the country. Wherever they wandered they found white sand; they gave the country the name of *Markland* or *Woodland*. They went on board again and steered anew out to the sea, with a north-east wind. After two days land was once more visible. Approaching, they came first to an island which lay close to the mainland. Descending, they rambled about; perceiving, as they went along, that the dew was on the grass, they raised it to their mouth, and were not a little astonished at its uncommon sweetness; they thought that they had never before tasted anything so sweet—honey-dew was for them something altogether new. They then sailed through the strait between the island and the promontory which runs northward. They then kept to the west of the promontory, and rowed ashore at a place where a river flowing from a lake fell into the sea. The ebb-tide left their boat aground, but, impatient to come to the coast stretching before them, they leaped from the boat without hesitation, and so landed. When the flood tide came and floated their boat, they rowed to the ship and steered it into the lake we have spoken of, and cast anchor to lie there in security. They carried their things ashore and built small huts to dwell in. Then they resolved to pass the winter there, and for that purpose they began to build a large house. They found the streams rich in fish, especially salmon, which was larger than usual, and this is still the case on the coasts of North America stretching out into the Atlantic Ocean. The climate was mild, the fruits of the land were good, and not much did the grass fade, for no frost came in the winter, so that no fodder needed to be laid up as food for the cattle. Everything connected with the land appeared to our Northern men good and splendid. As soon as the building of the house was finished, *Leif* divided his people into two companies, of which the one was to remain behind while the other set forth to examine the land. In those rambles they came to self-sown fields of wheat; no doubt maize, which everywhere grows wild in America. They found a kind of tree which, probably on account of its beauty, excited their attention, and was called by them *mosur* or *masur*—perhaps some remarkable species of birch, or some other of the magnificent trees which are found in the forests of North America. But no discovery was for our Northern men more surprising than that of grapes, of which, according to the accounts of recent travellers, many sorts grow wild in North America, especially in Virginia. It was from this discovery that they gave the country the name of *Wineland*, or *Wineland the Divine*, as in the legends it is called in reference to its fruitfulness and excellence. They noticed likewise as something peculiar and uncommon that there was less inequality there in the length of the days and nights than in Greenland and Iceland. For the nearer we come to the equator the less the days vary in length, whereas in Northern lands the more we approach the North the greater is the inequality in the length of the days. In *Wineland*, where *Leif* and his followers had pitched their camp, the sun rose in the morning at half-past eight and set at half-past five. This nearly corresponds to the forty-first degree of latitude, and thus to the region contiguous to New York or Boston, under which latitude the day is nine hours long at the winter solstice.

All circumstances concur in proving that the coast land of the Free States of North America is the same tract which was called by the Scandinavians *Wineland the Good*, and that their voyages of discovery extended from *Labrador* and *Newfoundland* to the coasts of Virginia.—*From the Swedish of Strianholm.*

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

#### VICTOR HUGO'S MAGNUM OPUS.

*Les Misérables.* Par VICTOR HUGO. Deuxième Partie: *Cosette*. Tom. III. et IV. Troisième Partie: *Marius*. Tom. V. et VI. Bruxelles: A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven and C<sup>ie</sup>.

**F**OUR VOLUMES MORE of Victor Hugo's great work are before us, and two more acts are added to the mighty drama of human misery which the greatest poet of the age has offered to the world for its instruction. The interest of all dramas fluctuates naturally, and it is not in the order of things that all parts of the story should agitate the mind to an equal degree. To the first act naturally belongs the introduction of all the principal personages, and the thread and the motive of the story; to those which succeed is allotted the development the plot; and to the last we naturally look for the *dénouement*. One consequence of this partition of duties is that the interest of novelty belongs to the first act, and that of satisfied curiosity to the last, whilst the intermediate ones suffer somewhat by the contrast. This is precisely what we observe in *M. Hugo's* story up to the present time. "*Cosette*" and "*Marius*" are portions of the drama not less necessary to its develop-

ment than "*Fantine*," but they scarcely excite in us the same interest. Naturally there is less novelty and more discursiveness. Some of the episodes are indeed of such a length that it seems to us that *M. Hugo* has suffered his genius as an artist to be subordinated to his fervour as a politician. The long episode on *Waterloo*, magnificently eloquent in parts, aids the progress of the story in no respect, however it may flatter the national *amour propre* by the ingenuity with which it seeks excuses for the event. Of course we know very well that when a battle has taken place the victors are apt to account for the result in a manner very different from that in which the vanquished endeavour to explain their defeat. There is exaggeration on both sides, and the truth is, in all probability, equidistant between them. The great problem of *Waterloo*, whether it was any one event, or any and what combination of events that compassed the defeat of *Napoleon* will, in all probability, never be solved. *M. Hugo* has given us some eloquent writing upon it, but little that is new. With him, *Waterloo* was an accident, the prize at a lottery. Although *Napoleon* never marched into the field under apparently better auspices, never did events combine more perversely against him. It



was an accident that Hugomont was so stoutly defended; an accident that Blucher came instead of Grouchy; an accident that the rain of the previous night prevented the French from getting their artillery into position early enough to win the battle before the arrival of the Prussians. And to crown all these accidents, Napoleon was betrayed by his guide—a Belgian, who was hostile to him, and who concealed from him the existence of that deep Ohain road which checked the cuirassiers in their tremendous charge, and broke an overwhelming avalanche of cavalry into a heap of dead and dying men and horses. "In this event," he says, "the result of superhuman necessity, man's part goes for nothing." Again, "it was a lottery prize, won by Europe and paid by France." Again, "Waterloo is a first-rate battle won by a second-rate captain." Again, somewhat contradictorily, "At Waterloo there was more of a massacre than of a battle." Finally, he tells us, "It was the day of Destiny. . . . On that day the future of the whole human race was changed. Waterloo was the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary to the well-being of the age. He to whom there is no reply undertook the business. This explains the panic of heroes. At the battle of Waterloo there was no cloud, but a meteor. God had been there."

M. Hugo is, however, in our opinion, mistaken when he expects that his explanation of Waterloo will be unpalatable in England because he decries the Duke of Wellington. There is no great enthusiasm now in England either about Waterloo or the Duke of Wellington. With the crowd, both are shadows, and M. Hugo might have learnt that from the manner in which two years after the hero's death the same crowds which lined the streets of London to see him borne in honour to his tomb assembled not less willingly in honour of the man who is the very incarnation of the policy which Wellington lived to oppose. With those who reflect, the Duke of Wellington has long been judged, and with a result not very dissimilar to that which M. Hugo has himself arrived at. Few thinking Englishmen will, in these days, be disposed to quarrel with the suggestion that Napoleon was a military genius and Wellington an accomplished soldier; that when opposed it was "the old Caesarism against the new, the regulation sabre against the flaming sword, the chess-board against genius." But what this episode of a hundred and fifty pages will be criticised most severely for will be its prolixity in spite of many noble passages, the absence of anything new on the matter in hand, its absolute want of the *à propos*, and the execrable taste that can find anything high and noble in the filthy expression attributed to Cambronne. This is, indeed, one of those strange inconsistencies which are to be discovered even in the grandest minds. That Hugo, one of the purest of poets, should discover anything admirable in a word that belongs to the deepest sewers of language, is an inconsistency so strange that we can only compare it to the phantasy of Titania when subjugated by the magic juice with which Oberon had suffused her eyes.

It is time, however, that we resume the thread of the story. The battle of Waterloo is introduced into the second part to explain something which is developed in the third. Thénardier, the *aubergiste*, to whose care Fantine confided her child, was at the battle in the character of camp-follower and plunderer of the dead. More by accident than good will, he is the means of saving the life of an officer of cuirassiers, the Baron de Pontmercy. The incident is of no great importance in the story, and Waterloo might have been dismissed in half a dozen lines.

At the close of "Fantine," Jean Valjean, the convict, has escaped once more from the hands of justice. He is retaken and sent back to the hulks, whence he once more escapes. The scene of the escape is told with considerable power. The line-of-battle ship *Orion* was undergoing repairs at Toulon:

One morning, the crowd which was looking on witnessed an accident. The crew was engaged in bending the sails. The topman whose duty it was to seize the clews of the main topsail lost his balance. He was seen to totter, and the crowd collected on the Arsenal quay uttered a cry. The head gave way and the body followed it. Turning round the yard, with his arms stretched out towards the abyss, the man caught in his fall at a foot-rop, first with one and then with the other, and there he hung suspended. The water was beneath him at a giddy depth. The shock of his fall had given the foot-rop a violent swinging motion. The man swung backwards and forwards at the end of the rope, like a stone in a sling.

To go to his succour was to run a fearful risk. None of the sailors, all fishermen of the coast newly engaged in the service, dared adventure it. The unhappy topman was growing tired. He was too far off for the anguish in his face to be distinguished, but his weariness was visible in every limb. His arms were convulsed with the horrible struggle. Every effort he made to climb up it only served to increase the oscillation of the foot-rop. He did not even cry out, for fear of wasting his strength. All waited for the moment when he would let go his hold upon the rope, and turned away their eyes that they might not see him as he shot past. There are moments when the end of a rope or the branch of a tree is life itself, and it is a frightful thing to see a living being loosen from it and fall like a ripe fruit.

All of a sudden a man was seen climbing along the rigging with the agility of a tiger-cat. He was a man dressed in red—a convict—and he wore a green cap, a galley slave for life. When he reached the top the wind carried off his cap, and discovered a head completely white. He was not a young man. The fact was that a convict, employed on board with a gang of his fellows, immediately ran up to the officer of the watch, and amidst the trouble and hesitation of the crew, while all the sailors trembled and held back, asked permission to risk his life to save that of the topman. On an affirmative sign by the officer, he broke with a single blow of a hammer the fetter which was riveted to his ankle, seized a rope, and rushed up the shrouds. No one observed at the moment how easily the chain was broken, but it was remembered afterwards. In the twinkling of an eye he was on the yard. Then he hesitated a few seconds, and

seemed to measure the distance. Those seconds, during which the wind blew the topman backward and forwards at the end of the rope, seemed like centuries to the lookers on. At last the convict raised his eyes to heaven, and made a step forward. The crowd breathed again. They saw him run along the yard. When he was at the end he fastened one end of the rope which he had brought with him, and let the other end hang loose. That done he began to descend that rope, holding on by his hands, and then there was a double anguish—instead of one man hanging over the gulf there were two. It looked like a spider coming to seize a fly; but in this case the spider bore life with him, not death. Ten thousand eyes were fixed upon the sight. There was not a cry, not a word, but the same expression of anxiety upon every brow. Every mouth held its breath, as if men feared to add to the agitation which bore the two men backwards and forwards.

Meantime the convict had slidden down to the sailor. It was time; a minute more and the man, tired and despairing, would have allowed himself to fall into the abyss. But the convict bound him securely to the rope, which he held with one hand while he worked with the other. Then they saw him climb up again to the yard, and haul up the sailor. He held him there a few moments to give him time to recover his strength; then he seized him in his arms, and carried him along the yard to the cap, and thence to the top, where he left him in the hands of his mates.

Then the crowd applauded. There were old convict-warders who wept. Women embraced each other on the quay, and every voice cried out with a sort of tender fury for "the pardon of that man."

He, meanwhile, hastened immediately to rejoin his gang. To reach it the more readily he slid down the rigging, and ran along one of the lower yards. Every eye followed him. At a certain moment there was a thrill of horror. Whether he was fatigued, or his head was turned, they thought they saw him hesitate and totter. Suddenly a great cry arose from the crowd. The convict had fallen into the sea.

They searched for him in vain, and gave him up for lost. His name and number were erased from the register of convicts; but Jean Valjean had only escaped. Gifted with extraordinary skill and address, he had managed, by swimming under water, to get away, conceal himself until night, and then complete his escape. In a few days, we find him fulfilling the promise which he made to Fantine on her death-bed, that he would take care of Cosette. How he reclaims the child from the Thénardiens (much against the will of those harpies), and conceals himself with her in Paris; how he is once more recognised by his old enemy Javert, is dogged by him and again manages to escape from his clutches at the very moment when that human sleuth-hound deems that he has him safely in his fangs; how he takes refuge in the gardens of a convent, and succeeds in getting employed as gardener in that (to him) safe asylum, while Cosette is educated in the scholastic department of the establishment; all these matters are told with the same dramatic power and minute analysis of character which distinguished the first part of "Les Misérables."

The convent gives M. Hugo occasion for another excursus of portentous length. One hundred and twenty pages are filled with the history of the Convent of Petit-Picpus, the mode of life there, the discipline, and a lengthy disquisition on the principles of conventual life. In France, where the system is well understood, and where there are but few families in the higher walks of life that are not connected with this system by some personal tie, this excursus probably excites considerable interest; but in England, where conventual establishments are happily very rare and exceptional, it will be difficult to arouse much feeling about a state of things which is so little known and so little understood. It is to be observed, moreover, that, although reasoned in a very high and philosophical spirit, and occasionally clothed in language of rare eloquence, this digression has no more to do with the progress of the story than had that upon the battle of Waterloo.

But the convent shields Jean Valjean from his pursuer, and supplies the means of education to Cosette. We now come to the third part of the story, which is called "Marius." Marius Pontmercy (let us explain) is the lover of Cosette. He is a young man of good family, the grandson of an ancient Royalist. His father was the officer of Cuirassiers, whose pocket was picked by Thénardier on the field of Waterloo. M. Gillenormand, the grandfather, had refused to recognise the soldier of Napoleon as his daughter's husband, and it was only on the death of the mother of Marius that the old Royalist had consented to take the child and adopt him as his heir. Arrived at that period of adolescence when young men mostly assume the right to judge for themselves, Marius takes part with his father's memory, announces himself a Republican and a Bonapartist, is disinherited by M. Gillenormand, and goes out into the student life of Paris to seek his fortune. Perhaps the little pictures of Paris life, and especially of those light-hearted young roysterers of the Quarter Latin, are among the most charming of the *chefs d'œuvre* in M. Hugo's very extensive gallery. At the opening of "Marius" there is a carefully-drawn sketch of that famous species, the *gamin de Paris*, never so thoroughly analysed before:

The *gamin de Paris* is the dwarf of the giantess. Do not let us exaggerate. This cherubim of the gutter sometimes has a shirt, but never more than one; sometimes he has shoes, but then they have no heels; and sometimes he has a home, and he loves it, for it is there he finds his mother; but he prefers the streets, for there he finds liberty.

He has his own games, and his own humour, of which hatred of the tradesman is the foundation. Also he has his own metaphors. To die is to eat *dandelions by the root*. He has his own occupations, such as calling coaches, letting down the steps of cabs; setting up a ferry from one side of the street to the other, in heavy rain, which he calls *building art bridges*; crying the discourses which authority pronounces in favour of the French people; scratching between the pavement. He has even his current coin, which consists of all the pieces of copper-work he can find in the streets. This curious coinage, which is called *rags*, has an invariable standard, and is very well regulated in his little infantine Bohemia. Finally, he has his particular fauna, which he

studies curiously in corners; the *bête à bon Dieu*, the death's-head flea, the shepherd spider, the "devil," a black insect which threatens you with its tail armed with two horns. He has his fabulous monster, which has scales under the belly, and is not a lizard, which has pimples on the back and is not a frog, which inhabits the corners of old lime-kilns and dry cesspools, black, hairy, slimy, rampant, sometimes sluggish and sometimes swift, and which is altogether so terrible a creature that no one has ever seen it. He calls this monster the *salamander*. Hunting for salamanders among the stones is a pleasure of a formidable kind. Another delight is to lift a piece of pavement suddenly and see the centipedes. Each region of Paris is celebrated for some special animal to be found there. There are earwigs in the wood-yard of the Ursulines, centipedes at the Pantheon, and tadpoles in the ditches of the Champ-de-Mars. As for phrases, this infant is a Talleyrand. He is not less shameless, but he is more honest. He is gifted with a kind of unexpected joviality. He demystifies the shopkeeper with his mad laughter. His gamut runs pleasantly from high comedy to farce.

One day, a funeral was passing. Among those who accompanied the body was the doctor. "Ha!" cries a *gamin*, "since when did the doctors take their work home?"

Another in a crowd. A grave personage, adorned with eyeglass and watch-chain, turns angrily: "Little rascal! You have dared to take—my wife's arm." "I, sir! search me."

In the evening, thanks to a few halfpence, which he always manages to be able to procure, the *honnête* enters a theatre. On crossing the magic threshold he is transfigured. He was the *gamin*, and he becomes the *titi*. Theatres are like ships turned upside down, the hold at the top. In that hold the *titi* ensconces himself. The *titi* is to the *gamin* what the moth is to the larva; the same creature flying and disporting. When he is there, beaming with happiness, with his strength of enthusiasm and joy, and with his clapping of hands, which is more like the fluttering of wings, that narrow, foetid, obscure, sordid, unwholesome, hideous, and abominable hold takes the name of "Paradise."

Bestow upon a being the useless, and take from him what is necessary, and you have the *gamin*.

The portrait of M. Gillenormand, the old Royalist gentleman, is drawn with all the minutest and exquisite taste which rendered that of Bishop Myriel so charming. The character of the old maid, Mademoiselle Gillenormand, is also very delicately touched. It is impossible to read of the manner in which young Marius came to love the memory of his father without being touched. The scene between Marius and his grandfather, when the old royalist banishes from his house the rebellious young republican whom, in the bottom of his heart, he loves so well, is vigorously and dramatically told. Marius becomes a student, joins a discussion club, and defends the memory of the Emperor. It is a noticeable fact that M. Hugo, abhorring and denouncing the nephew as he does, cannot approach the name of the uncle without being inspired, as it were, by an affluence of enthusiasm. How dazzling is military glory! how overpowering the triumphs of the sword! when such a man as this cannot look at the sun of Napoleon's destiny without being dazzled. In telling the story of Colonel Pontmercy he cannot resist the pleasure of informing the reader that, "At Eylau, he was in the cemetery when the heroic Captain Louis Hugo, the uncle of the author of this book, supported for two hours with his company of eighty-three men, the whole weight of the hostile army." The defence of the memory of Napoleon, by Marius, when attacked in his debating club, seems to us to reflect something of M. Hugo's own sentiments, if not his opinions:

The word *crime* passed the bounds of what Marius, already aroused by the rude allusion to Waterloo, could endure. He here rose slowly approached the map of France, which was upon the wall, and at the lower end of which was an island in a separate compartment. He laid his finger upon that, and said—"Corsica; a little island which has made France very great."

It was like a breath of cold air. Every one waited, for they felt that something was about to begin. Bahorel, replying to Bossuet, was assuming his favourite attitude, but changed his mind and became a listener. Enjolras, whose blue eye was fixed on no one in particular, and who seemed to be looking upon vacancy, answered, without turning towards Marius: "France has no need of any Corsica to be great. France is great because she is France. *Quia nominor leo*."

Marius had no wish to draw back. He turned towards Enjolras, and his voice vibrated with the depth of his emotion: "God forbid that I should disparage France; but it is no disparagement to amalgamate her with Napoleon. Let us discuss this. I am a new comer among you, but I declare that you amaze me. Where are we? What are we? What are you? What am I? Let us understand each other about the Emperor. I have heard you say, 'Bonaparte, with an accentuation upon the *a*, such as the Royalists use. My grandfather did better still, for he called him Buonaparté. I took you for young men. Where is your enthusiasm? What have you done with it? Whom will you admire if you do not admire the Emperor? What would you more than do? If you will none of that great man, what kind of great men do you require? He had everything. He was complete. He had in his brain the cube of human faculties. He drew up codes like Justinian; he dictated like Cæsar; his conversation mingled the lightning of Pascal with the thunder of Tacitus; he made history and wrote it; his bulletins are Iliads; he combined the calculation of Newton with the imagination of Mahomet; he left behind him in the East words as big as the Pyramids; at Tilsit he taught majesty to emperors; at the Academy of Sciences he put Laplace right; at the Council of State he took the lead of Merlin; he gave a soul to the geometry of the one and the diplomacy of the other; he was a lawyer with the lawyers, and an astronomer with the astronomers; like Cromwell, who blew out one of two candles, he went to the Temple to cheapen a curtain tassel; he saw everything and knew everything, and yet he could laugh like the honest father of a family at his child's cradle. On a sudden terrified Europe heard armies on the march, parks of artillery rumbling by, pontoons stretching across her rivers, clouds of cavalry galloping like the whirlwind, cries, trumpets, trembling of thrones all around, frontiers of kingdoms wavering on the map. Men heard the noise of a superhuman sword drawn from the scabbard, and saw him on the horizon. Him with the lightning in his hand and splendour in his eyes, spreading his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard. It was the Archangel of War. . . . B—just, my friends! To be the empire of such an emperor what a splendid desir for a people, when that people is France, and she adds her own genius to the genius of that man! To appear and to reign; to march and to triumph; to have all capitals for his boulevards; to make kings of his grenadiers; to decree the downfall of kings; to transfigure Europe at quick march; to feel that you follow in one man Hannibal, Cæsar, and Charlemagne; to be the

people of a man who brightens every dawn with the news of a victory; to have for your morning gun the cannon of the Invalids; to cast forth into the abysses of light, words which will flame for ever, Marenco, Arcola, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram! To make every instant glow to the height of centuries with constellations of victories; to make the empire of France the companion picture of the Roman empire; to send legions flying over the earth as a mountain sends her eagles from her sides; to conquer, dominate, confound; to shine in Europe as a people gilt with glory; to sound across the plain of history a flourish of trumpets; to subdue the world twice over by conquest and by splendour; it is sublime. What is there greater than that?"

"To be free," said Combeferre.

And in Combeferre spoke the Republican; yet it is impossible to help feeling that in the eloquent, though somewhat exaggerated, peroration of the young student there is something of M. Victor Hugo.

Marius falls in love. He meets an old man and a young girl in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The old man is Jean Valjean; the young girl Cosette. Marius, with all the timidity of a young lover, dares not address them; but his eyes address his mistress in the language of love, and the young girl is not slow to understand that universal tongue. Marius knows not who they are, and when he attempts to penetrate the mystery his purpose is misunderstood by the old man, and the objects of his pursuit disappear. One day, chance reveals them once more to Marius. The family of Thénardier, the *aubergiste* of Montfermeil, being fallen into a state of mendicancy, comes to live in a wretched lodging in the same house where Marius is concealing his honourable poverty. The occupations of the Thénardiens are brigandage, theft, and begging-letter writing. By means of the latter art Thénardier gets access to Jean Valjean and his charge. The spirit of the benevolent M. Madeleine, the upright manufacturer and ex-mayor of the town of M—sur M—, is not dead in the bosom of the escaped convict, and that leads Jean Valjean (now known as M. Leblanc), to visit the Thénardiens in their misery and relieve them. When he does so, Thénardier recognises the man who took Cosette from him, and moved partly by cupidity and partly by a desire of vengeance (for he had vexed his mind into the belief that the removal of Cosette had been the beginning of his downfall), he plots to betray Jean Valjean into a terrible snare. To aid him in this, he obtains the assistance of a formidable band of ruffians who infest that quarter of Paris, and who are known under the *sobriquet* of Patron-Minette. Marius overhears the plot, and, anxious for the safety of him whom he regards as the grandfather of his beloved, but unaware of the reasons which should render that grandfather very unwilling to have recourse to the assistance of the police, he lays the whole scheme before Superintendent Javert. The whole scene of the ambushade and the conduct of Jean Valjean when in the hands of his foes are admirably told. The description is too long for quotation, and we must content ourselves with the following description of the principal actors:

Four brigands, Claquesons, Gueulemer, Babet, and Montparnasse, ruled from 1830 to 1835 the third regiment of rascals in Paris. Gueulemer was a kind of degenerate Hercules. His cave was the drain of the Arch-Marion. He was six feet high, his pectorals were marble, his biceps was of brass, he had the respiration of a cavern, the bust of a Colossus, the head of a bird. He was the Farnese Hercules dressed in canvas trousers and a vest of cotton velvet. Gueulemer, moulded in this sculptural style, might have overcome monsters; but he found it easier to be one. With a low forehead, large temples, less than forty years of age, wrinkled, rough and hairy, a cheek like a brush, and the beard of a boar; that was the man. His muscles demanded work, but his stupidity denied it. It was a vast idle strength. He was an assassin through mere supineness. One would have thought him a crole.

The diaphanous of Babet contrasted with the solidity of Gueulemer. Babet was thin and learned. He was transparent, but no one could see through him. The light might shine through his bones; but nothing in his eye. He called himself a chemist. He had been a tumbler with Bobino. He had played *vaudeville* at Saint-Mihel. He was a man who had intentions, a good speaker, who underlined his smiles, and punctuated his gestures. His occupation was to sell in the open air plaster busts of the "Chief of the State." Moreover, he extracted teeth. He had exhibited phenomena at fairs, and possessed a trumpet and a van, with this inscription: "Babet, artist-dentist, Member of the Academies, makes physical experiments on metals and minerals, destroys teeth, and undertakes stumps which have been abandoned by his brother artists. Price, one tooth, one franc fifty centimes; two teeth, two francs; three teeth, two francs fifty centimes. Profit by the opportunity." (This "profit by the opportunity" meant—have as many teeth taken out as possible.) He had been married, and he had had children. He knew nothing of what his wife and children had become. He had lost them just as one loses a handkerchief. A noble exception to the people among whom he lived, Babet read the journals. One day when his family were with him in his van, he read in the *Messenger* that a woman had produced a child, healthy enough to live, which had the face of a calf, and he cried out: "There's luck! My wife would never have the wit to make me a child like that!" Since that he had speculated in Paris.

Who was Claquesons? He was Night. He never showed himself until the heavens were masked with black. In the evening he sallied from some hole whither he returned before the day. Where was that hole? No one knew. In the most complete obscurity, and with his accomplices, he always turned his back when he addressed them. Was his name Claquesons? No. He said himself, "My name is Not-at-all." If a candle was brought in he would put on his mask. He was a ventriloquist. Babet said, "Claquesons is a night-bird with two voices." Claquesons was vague, uncertain, terrible. No one was sure that he had a name, for Claquesons was a sobriquet. No one was sure that he had a voice, for his belly spoke oftener than his mouth. He disappeared like an apparition, and when he entered it was as if he rose from the ground.

A lugubrious being was Montparnasse. Montparnasse was a child. He was less than twenty years old, had a handsome face, lips resembling cherries, charming black curls, the bloom of spring in his eyes. He had every vice, and thirsted for every crime. The digestion of evil had given him an appetite for worse. He was the *gamin* turned thief, and the thief become murderer. He was handsome, effeminate, graceful, robust, soft, and ferocious. The brim of his hat was raised on the left side to give place to a tuft of curls, in the style of 1829. He lived by theft with violence. His coat was of the best cut, but



shabby. Montparnasse was like the ornament of a fashion's sheet steeped in poverty and committing murders. The impulse to all his crimes was the desire to be well dressed. The first grisette who said him, "How handsome you are," cast the devil into his heart, and transformed this Abel into a Cain. Being handsome, he wished to be elegant; but elegance is idleness, and the idleness of a poor man is crime. Few ruffians were so dreaded as Montparnasse. At eighteen years of age he had left several corpses behind him. More than one passer-by lay with extended arms in the shadow of this wretch, with his face in a pool of blood. Oiled, curled, belted at the waist, with the hips of a woman and the bust of a Prussian officer, the admiring murmurs of the girls of the boulevard around him, his cravat daintily tied, a life-preserver in his pocket, and a flower in his button-hole—such was this beau of the grave.

The arrival of the police, under the guidance of Inspector Javert, rescues the intended victim of the ambush; but in the confusion which ensues, Jean Valjean effects one more marvellous escape, and the curtain falls upon the third act of the drama. Two more are to follow in four volumes—total, ten volumes for the entire work. We, and all who have read the six which are published, await them eagerly.

#### DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

*Ephesus and the Temple of Diana.* By EDWARD FALKENER. With Maps and Drawings. Day and Son. 8vo. pp. 346.

EPHESUS, one of the most splendid of the ancient centres of civilisation, as being one of the earliest places where the primitive heathen worship of the Greeks, derived from the Egyptians, was set up to great "Diana of the Ephesians," where the temple dedicated to this deity was so surpassingly magnificent as to take its rank for ever amongst the seven wonders of the ancient world; Ephesus—the seat of one of the Seven Churches of Asia, and thus closely allied with the early history of Christianity—is assuredly a place as worthy to be explored by the archaeologists as Cyrene, Xanthus, and Halicarnassus, upon all of which our Government has employed expeditions with very remarkable success, adding to the records of history, and recovering the most invaluable relics of ancient art from inevitable destruction, and preserving them for study and as aids to still further discovery. Mr. Falkener has rendered very important service by bringing to notice the ruins of Ephesus, although he makes no pretensions to being a recent discoverer, for it is now seventeen years since he visited the spot where the "Empress of Ionia" once shone in such splendour, a city rivaling Rome in prosperity and luxury, and surpassing her in the size of her theatres, gymnasia, and forums, where the merchant princes of the old world congregated as they do now to London and Paris.

This city (says Mr. Falkener), the port of Ionia, situated on the river Cayster, was, during the whole period of classical antiquity, a place of the highest importance. Owing to its favoured situation it became the mart of commerce of Asia Minor, and here was exchanged the produce of Greece and Egypt with that of the Persian Empire and Inner Asia. The wealth of the town, arising from such intercourse, exposed it to the covetousness of the Persian monarchs; but, after a long period of 300 years, during which it struggled in common with other cities of Asia, to maintain its independence, it was obliged to call to its assistance the Greeks of Europe, who, from protectors, became its most cruel oppressors. For upwards of a century it was held by the successors of Alexander, and after the defeat of Antiochus the Great, it fell into the hands of the Romans. The city suffered by an earthquake in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and though frequently wasted and destroyed, it ever rose to greater magnificence after each catastrophe. Its final destruction, which happened A.D. 253-262, cannot fail to impress the mind of the philosopher and the Christian, who think of its former glory, its Christian celebrity, and its final desolation.

Mr. Falkener points out the remarkable accomplishment of the prophetic annihilation of the three out of the Seven Churches of Asia; the four that were commended being those which remain to the present day.

In art Ephesus was no less famous than in commerce and military affairs; some of the greatest names in ancient art are associated with it; Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Apelles, the painters, were Ephesians, born and brought up in the schools there. Agasias, the sculptor of the famous Gladiator, was born there; and that it was a great school of sculpture is known from the fact that all the first sculptors, Praxiteles and Scopas, and even Phidias himself, studied there. Mr. Falkener suggests that as the ancient name of Ephesus was Smyrna Tracheia, it may have been the birth-place of Homer; at any rate, believing that the poet had a personality in the flesh, he claims him as an Ephesian by descent. Then there was the Temple of Diana, known to have been built by Democritus, Ctesiphon, and Metagenes, all architects, who, with Philo, have written upon the subject, and described this particular building. These works are lost, but Vitruvius refers to the treatise by Ctesiphon and Metagenes on the symmetry of the Ionic order of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Mr. Falkener differs from all the travellers in his opinion as to the site of the temple. The ruins which have generally been considered to belong to the eighth or last temple, and to which the description of Pliny has been made to apply by so many archaeologist travellers, Mr. Falkener says, are those of the great gymnasium. His account says:

I visited the country in the years 1844-45, when I travelled through all the most interesting portions of Asia Minor, visiting every ancient site, and exploring the ruins there remains were considerable. Being alone, I had no opportunity of excavating at any place, and contented myself with taking such hasty notes and sketches as time would permit. Here I remained one fortnight, notwithstanding that the ruins are situate on the borders of a pestilential marsh, and during this time succeeded in taking a general plan of the whole city, with detailed measurements of its buildings. The temple has been swept away, and

its very site is undistinguishable; and it was not till my return to England, and sitting down to search into the accounts of ancient writers, with a view to prepare a descriptive accompaniment to the drawings, that I became convinced of the true site which the temple had occupied, and longed to return to those classic regions, that I might reduce my conjectures into certainty. This, though fourteen years have elapsed since I wrote this paragraph, I have not been permitted to accomplish, and the task must be left to some future explorer.

Mr. Falkener reconciles the accounts of Strabo, Xenophon, Vitruvius, and Pliny, by taking the map published by the Hydrographic Office, on which he places "the Temple at the confluence of the river Caystrus, with the stream flowing from the City Port, and he would suppose that the sacred port, or Panormus, occupied the space within the bend of the river in this locality." This situation also agrees with the distance of 8000 feet from the quarries on the north side of Mount Pion, from which the marble to build the temple was obtained, as stated by Herodotus. This distance is an important point; Dr. Guhl, to whose opinions Mr. Falkener refers, would place the temple at a spot measuring only 2800 feet from the quarries. We are bound to say, that the plans and restorations given in the work before us have evidently been the result of immense labour and research, and, as we are expressly informed, they are founded upon actual survey and measurements, though, as the author very frankly says, the relative position of the various celebrated buildings, the ports or large docks, and the rivers, was unknown to him at the time.

Mr. Falkener's restorations are extremely interesting, however much we may feel that they are to so great an extent conjectural. The great temple he places at the head of the large artificial lake which was the commercial dock of Ephesus, this site being chosen as ground safer from earthquakes. The foundations are said to have been laid upon bags of charcoal. The proximity to the sea and the marshy ground would sufficiently account for no vestiges of the Temple remaining. The difficulty of settling these conjectures is, of course, one that can only be solved by complete exploration of the ground, with a regular system of excavations after the plan so successfully followed by Mr. Layard, Mr. Newton, and others. The mere determining of topographical facts, however, would be comparatively a minor inducement for a Government expedition. The real reward to be obtained, as we think without much doubt, would be in the examples of ancient art to be discovered. The ruins of Ephesus have hitherto not been the object of search, probably on account of the buildings being chiefly of the Roman period; but they must have contained many works of the greatest statuary, and there is no reason for supposing that these have been reduced to powder by the destroying agencies of time, or converted into building material by the natives of the place, in more fatal proportion than the ruins of the Mausoleum or Cyrene.

Mr. Falkener naturally says little to urge the project of making excavations, lest it should seem that the object of his book was to put himself forward as the director of such an undertaking, than whom, however, no fitter person could, we imagine, be found; but he quotes the opinion of a recent traveller writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—M. le Comte Jaubert—who speaks of Ephesus as an unexplored mine of antiquity, which would prove a lucrative undertaking by the immense number of statues and medals sure to be found. He also mentions a superb cameo found in 1790, which is to be seen in the library of St. Mark, at Venice, which has been described by Visconti, and considered by that great antiquarian to be a copy of some celebrated statue representing Jupiter Ægiocetus. This cameo is a sardonyx, and measures 2½ inches in diameter.

But whether the ruins of Ephesus are to be explored or not, the work before us is a most interesting compendium of all that is known in reference to the ancient city, and its present condition; while in an appendix we have a compact view of the principal events, with their dates, connected with Ephesus from B.C. 1490 to the time of St. Paul, the founder of Christianity in Ionia, for the account of which period we are referred to the work of Conybeare and Howson—"The Life and Travels of St. Paul." A chapter is given to the modern Ephesus, which is now no more than the Turkish village Aiaslook, a name by some supposed to be derived from the worship of Diana, as *AI* in Turkish signifies the moon. The ancient Christian churches have crumbled away and been succeeded by a mosque or two, which in their turn are in decay, though exhibiting some exquisite examples of Oriental work in the style of the Alhambra, and being partly constructed of columns stolen from the ancient Gymnasium. The Tomb of the Virgin used to be shown before this source of profit was transferred to Jerusalem, but there is still the tomb of St. John, and of Timothy, and the cave of the seven sleepers on the east of Mount Pion. The legend of the sleepers is, that during the persecution of the Christians, in the reign of Diocletian, A.D. 283-304, seven young men with a dog fled to a cave, and, falling asleep, did not wake for 200 years, when they found everything changed and all become Christians, and they died themselves as soon as they awoke. The sleepers, who have names given them by the Turks, are held in great repute in the East, especially the dog Ketmeh, who is allowed a place in Paradise. But, like the sacred caves which the Prince of Wales visited, this grotto of the seven sleepers is reported to be filled with a burning and deadly wind. Mr. Falkener visited the cave and found it excavated in the form of tombs or sarcophagi.

The remains of a beautiful aqueduct, built of white marble, are still to be seen, and a gateway, from which some slabs, finely sculptured with bas-reliefs in the late Roman style, were taken by the Rev. Mr. Arundell many years ago, two of which Mr. Falkener tells us, it is said, are in Russia, though one of these is supposed to be in the

possession of the Duke of Bedford, and they were all seen by Spon and Wheeler in 1676.

The Diana of the Ephesians was not all like the chaste nymph with the favourite stag which we are familiar with from the well known Roman statues; the goddess was represented in her temple as the universal mother, covered with the breasts of women and animals, hence she was called "multimammia," and *πολύμαστος*. A small statue of this Diana Ephesia is preserved in the Naples Museum, the head and extremities being in bronze, and the body in oriental alabaster; it is in style evidently derived from the Egyptians, both as regards its symbolic adjuncts of the nimbus and turret-crown with the zodiac necklace, and as to the legs, feet, and arms being carved in one block, without any attempt to show separation of the limbs. The very ancient worship of Diana of Ephesus is another reason for conjecturing that many antiquities might be discovered there, which would throw a light upon the archaic period of art, which is at present rather vaguely understood, and of which examples before the time of the Eginetan sculptures are extremely rare. Mr. Falkener gives a woodcut of the metope, discovered by Mr. Angell, at Selinus, which is one of the few examples of the period, and is additionally interesting from its bearing the remains of coloured ornament. It would be of the greatest interest to art if others could be discovered, and this, we are justified in anticipating, would result from excavations at Ephesus.

Mr. Falkener has done good service by preparing a work, which is not only a valuable contribution to the archaeology of art and the history of Ephesus, but an indispensable text-book and guide to any future discoverer who shall set himself to explore the ruins of the ancient city.

#### THE REGENERATION OF TURKEY.

*Reschid-Pacha.* PAR HIPPOLYTE CASTILLE. Paris: Sartorius. pp. 60. *Unsere Zeit.* No. XV. Article: *Mustafa-Reschid-Pascha.* Leipzig: Brockhaus. pp. 64

ALTHOUGH WE NOW HEAR much more of Turkish baths than of the Turkish empire, the Turkish question has lost none of its interest; and notwithstanding the calm which reigns in Europe, compared to the turmoil in America, it is still the most important of all political questions. It is not our intention to compile a biography of Reschid Pascha from the clever little book of M. Hippolyte Castille and from the excellent article of the anonymous German writer. To most readers it is known that Reschid Pascha was born at the end of 1799; that he rose chiefly by his own work; that he was more than once ambassador to the Western Powers; that he was about half-a-dozen times Grand Vizier; that he was among the foremost of modern Turkish statesmen; that he died at the beginning of 1858. The leading aim of Reschid Pascha was to promote the reign in Turkey of Western ideas—of Western civilisation. In opposition to this, there are the formidable hindrances created by diversities of religion and of race. These hindrances are intensified and multiplied by the relations of the Turkish provinces to each other and to the central Government, reminding us of the German states of the Middle Ages. There are, beside a miscellaneous section, about twenty million Mahometans, about sixteen million Christians; but the feuds are more deadly between the Christians themselves—Latin, Greek, Armenian, and so on—than between the Christians and the Mahometans. The Ottoman Turks—the conquering, the prevailing race—form about a third of the whole population. But the Germans are not more than a fifth of the population in the Austrian empire; so that, as regards the dominant race, Turkey is better placed than Austria. If, however, Austria is an aggregate of lands and of races, not a homogeneous unity, it is, far more than Turkey, a rounded and compacted whole. Austria would have no geographical, if it had no ethnographical, difficulties. But as regards Turkey, it is impossible to pronounce whether its geographical or its ethnographical difficulties are the greater. Turkey consists of fragments, disconnected, disarticulated, which are scattered over the south of Europe, the west of Asia, the north of Africa. Even if all the inhabitants of the Turkish empire were of the same race and the same religion, it would not be easy to animate them with one common spirit, hold them together by one common bond. A branch of the huge Tartar family subdued some of the fairest regions of the globe, but it seems to have felt that it was in a camp, not a home—to have retained half of its nomadic nature. The chivalrous elements of the Turkish character are undeniable; but the chivalry has never been ennobled or purified by a spontaneous culture. Though the Turkish literature is rich, yet those who have studied it profoundly state it to be an imitation, almost slavish, of Persian and Arabic models. Lamartine has said that the Turks as a race of men, and as a nation, are the first and worthiest among the races and the nations of the East. This is because they are free from Oriental servility and duplicity; are frank, manly, genuine.

From the time of Othman or Osman I., from whom the present imperial dynasty is descended, and from whom the Turks Proper are called Ottomans or Osmanlis, till the death of Soliman II., the Turkish Empire marched for nearly three hundred years—though there were terrible reverses—to glory and greatness. Since Soliman's death in 1566, the Turkish Empire has for three hundred years been declining in its influence over Europe. After the battle of Lepanto in 1571, Europe ceased to tremble at the Turkish name.

Soliman II. surpassed all his predecessors; and there are obvious reasons why none of his successors could be heroes in the puissant sense. It was from the enervating imprisonment, the hideous pollutions of the seraglio, that they ascended the throne. From what was half a dungeon, half a sepulchre, they burst into the light of day, they rose to the rule of men. Almost the only sign of vigour they ever gave was the order to strangle their brothers and to drown the wives of these poor wretches. By command of Mohammed III. nineteen of his brothers were murdered and their wives drowned. Even Mahmoud II., who began reforms which his sons have been continuing, seized the sceptre with the accustomed violence, the accustomed cruelties. Amurad IV., named the Turkish Nero, banqueted on blood to the extent of a hundred thousand victims, including, of course, as many of his relations as came within the reach of his tiger clutch. The late Sultan Abdul Medschid—who commenced to reign in 1839, at the age of seventeen—had no sanguinary dispositions, was in the highest degree amiable. But even at seventeen he had sunk into a physical and moral lethargy from which he never could be roused. All who looked at his face were struck by the painful traces of melancholy and exhaustion. His father had died of a disease brought on by strong drink; and Abdul Medschid, with, perhaps, naturally very noble qualities, died of the languor which every one must perish of who has never known a manly discipline, a manly life. Now, it would be as wrong to ascribe to Mahometanism the degeneracy of the Ottoman family, as to ascribe to the Christian religion the depravity, the debility, the idiocy of those *faineant* French kings whom the mayors of the palace first represented, and then displaced. The cardinal idea of the Mahometan religion is military fanaticism. Mahometanism and peace are simply incompatible. But the war which Mahometanism—to be real Mahometanism—must evermore wage, requires leaders of the most exalted order as regards both sagacity and courage. It is as Mahometans that Mahometans fight. In most of them the patriotic sentiment is feeble. Hence, when the battle of Nisib was gained by Ibrahim Pascha in 1839, the wave of conquest should have been allowed to roll on; for it would have swept away, not the Turks as a people, but the Ottoman dynasty alone; and the Mahometans, crowding from all quarters to a victorious banner, and reviving the ancient miracles of the Crescent, would have paused not till they had created an effectual barrier against Russian encroachment.

Mahmoud II. of Turkey, and Joseph II. of Austria strikingly resemble each other. The reforms attempted by both were as inopportune as they were incomplete. Reforms may be carried out spite of popular prejudice and the popular will. But there must be adamant purpose, colossal energy. In his brutal fashion Peter the Great was a reformer. He barbarously compelled the Russians to lay their barbarities aside. It was not French varnish which he tried; but agencies which, if they did not penetrate the innermost nature of the people, were fruitful at least in new and potent organisations. Peter the Great was a workman—if a rough one. Mahmoud II., like Joseph II., was a dilettante. In Turkey a large part of the landed property belongs to the Turks proper; but to the nimble brain and more active hand of Greeks, and Jews, and Armenians, industrial enterprise and interchange are allotted. Now the military traditions of Turkey are not in concord with its industrial development. There are two nations, living side by side, a nation of warriors or the descendants of warriors—a nation of peaceful toilers. In the regeneration of Turkey, what would suit one of these nations would offend the other. The Mahometans in Turkey are decreasing, the Christians increasing. This is as much as to say that the industrial spirit has been making progress at the expense of the martial. But the industrial spirit by itself would turn the world into a workshop, and obliterate nationalities. The dearest dream of the Manchester School, but a dream in the realisation of which the disciples of that school alone can believe. The union of the martial and the industrial is indispensable in these days. Now the prodigious resources of the Turkish empire lie buried or wasted because the martial and the industrial are entirely severed. Can, inflamed by Mahometan enthusiasm, Turkey, with a new dynasty, be conqueror afresh? If so, Turkey can safely be careless for a season about industrial achievements. But, if not, then the sooner Turkey is dismembered the better. Egypt has not lost by being independent of Turkey in all but the name; nor would most of the other provinces lose if, both in name and in fact, they were independent too. Indeed, we do not see how some of them—for instance, Servia—can give much longer even the semblance of obedience. Kossuth has lately proposed the scheme of a Danubian Confederation; but this implies that Turkey would voluntarily abdicate. One thing all modern experience, all modern tendencies, condemn—the anomalous, the ill-defined vassalage so general in mediæval times. A country should either be exclusively autonomic, or blended into living harmony with another. And the Turkish provinces should either obey the supreme control of Constantinople, or at once be declared free to govern themselves as they list. Whatever may be England's interest in Turkey, England should help Turkey no further than Turkey is attacked by other states. If a Turkish province rebels, let Turkey settle the contest for itself. Even as regards the struggles which he has to make against his external enemies, we cannot help thinking that our aid has hindered and embarrassed rather than that it has assisted Turkey. The discussions from time to time in the British Parliament show that the Turkish question is badly understood, because



geographical, ethnological, and religious diversities are not studied. Each province of Turkey must have separate consideration. Indeed, a little instruction in ethnography and geography, would be exceedingly useful to some members of Parliament. If our readers wish to be rather wiser than members of Parliament, they must not take their information about Turkey from the newspapers, but seek, by the aid of the best books and maps, to pierce into the significance and to ascertain the probable destiny of every Turkish province. There is a large Slavonic leaven in European, just as there is a large Semitic leaven in Asiatic, Turkey. Now what is called Pan-Slavonianism endeavoured, and, perhaps, still endeavours, to gain to its grand scheme the Slavonic populations of Turkey in Europe. Such facts ought not to be overlooked, though it is only Germans, men of thought rather than of action, who deem them worthy of attention.

ATTICUS.

## MR. RUSKIN ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Unto this Last:" Four Essays on the First Principles of Political Economy. By JOHN RUSKIN. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 174.

AFTER A SECOND PERUSAL OF THIS LITTLE VOLUME, the contents of which we had before read in the *Cornhill Magazine*, we feel almost inclined to affirm that Mr. Ruskin's nonsense, if not quite so valuable, is infinitely more pleasant reading than much more sensible matter as propounded by other writers. The most prodigious paradoxes garnished with much kindly philosophy are expressed in that eloquent and effective style of which Mr. Ruskin is so consummate a master. On the first appearance of these essays in the *Cornhill*, we were unfortunately amongst the number of those who—to use Mr. Ruskin's own phrase—"reprobated them in a violent manner." Not that we were by any means singular in this, as Mr. Ruskin tells us that, so far as he could hear, most of the readers they met with treated them similarly. "Not a whit the less," courageously writes Mr. Ruskin, "I believe them to be the best, that is to say, the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written; and the last of them having had especial pains spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write." "This," the reader may reply, "it might be, yet not therefore well written." Which, in no mock humility, admitting, I yet rest satisfied with the work, though with nothing else that I have written." So, to compare great things with small, Milton preferred his "Paradise Regained" to his "Paradise Lost," and Byron his "Notes from Horace" to his "Childe Harold."

The conclusions to which Mr. Ruskin's political dogmata, laid down with an admirable imitation of scientific accuracy, lead him, are thus summed up in his preface:

First, that there should be training schools for youth established, at Government cost, and under Government discipline, over the whole country; that every child born in the country should, at the parent's wish, be permitted (and, in certain cases, be under penalty required) to pass through them; and that, in these schools, the child should (with other minor pieces of knowledge hereafter to be considered) imperatively be taught, with the best skill of teaching that the country could produce, the following three things:

- (a) the laws of health, and the exercises enjoined by them;
- (b) habits of gentleness and justice; and
- (c) the calling by which he is to live.

Secondly, that, in connection with these training schools, there should be established, also entirely under Government regulation, manufactories and workshops, for the production and sale of every necessary of life, and for the exercise of every useful art. And that, interfering no whit with private enterprise, nor setting any restraints or tax on private trade, but leaving both to do their best, and beat the Government if they could,—there should, at these Government manufactories and shops, be authoritatively good and exemplary work done, and pure and true substance sold; so that a man could be sure, if he chose to pay the Government price, that he got for his money bread that was bread, ale that was ale, and work that was work.

Thirdly, that any man, or woman, or boy or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest Government school, and set to such work as it appeared, on trial, they were fit for, at a fixed rate of wages determinable every year: that, being found incapable of work through ignorance, they should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness, should be tended; but that being found objecting to work, they should be set, under compulsion of the strictest nature, to the more painful and degrading forms of necessary toil, especially to that in mines and other places of danger (such danger being, however, diminished to the utmost by careful regulation and discipline) and the due wages of such work be retained—cost of compulsion first abstracted—to be at the workman's command, as soon as he has come to sounder mind respecting the laws of employment.

Lastly, that for the old and destitute, comfort and home should be provided; which provision, when misfortune had been by the working of such a system sifted from guilt, would be honourable instead of disgraceful to the receiver. For (I repeat this passage out of my "Political Economy of Art," to which the reader is referred for farther detail) "a labourer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with sword, pen, or lancet. If the service be less, and, therefore, the wages during health less, then the reward when health is broken may be less, but not less honourable; and it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country."

The finishing touch to this admirable programme very distinctly marks the hazy sentimentalism. Mr. Ruskin actually insists that *pauper funerals* should be esteemed honourable, quoting in defence of this paradox, the well-known *locus classicus* from Livy which narrates how Valerius Publicola was buried at the public expense.

We need hardly notice the text of this volume, which we have previously "reprobated" in these pages; but we cannot refrain from quoting one of the newly-added notes:

I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labour in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labour with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all; but chiefly because, the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the *Scotsman* asks me if I should like any common scribbler to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake as well as their own, not to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred, might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

Now we put the question to Mr. Ruskin whether he imagines that his own publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., pay Mr. Thackeray at no more liberal rate per page than they do the authors of such papers as "Superstition," "Nationality," "The Morality of Advocacy," &c., which have appeared in the *Cornhill*. Or, if this comparison be objected to, because Mr. Thackeray's contributions are not anonymous, whereas those of the writer or writers of the essays just alluded to are, does Mr. Ruskin suppose that the author of the "Snob Papers" and the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," get exactly the same number of guineas per sheet from the proprietors of the *Cornhill Magazine*? We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Ruskin is hardly considered a prophet of political economy in his own literary land, as we see that he has transferred his wares from the columns of the *Cornhill* to those of *Frasers Magazine*.

The word "skill" is discussed in the following curious note:

Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labour; and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which render science possible—(the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century)—and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I cannot conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should not have followed the true clue so far as to write,—"No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought," without seeing that it was logically necessary to add also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labour he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labour are more essentially a part of the labour than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. He is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force;—consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of mere thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step towards this more precious Immaterial one?

The whole volume fully bears out the adage, that "wit" (we care not, in this case, to add the adjective "great") is nearly allied to "madness." Its high-pressure sentimentalism cannot conceal the author's utter ignorance of "first principles"—an ignorance slightly veiled under an affectation of extreme accuracy. Indeed, Mr. Ruskin informs his readers that the strong point of these windy lucubrations is their accuracy: "The real gist of these papers, their central meaning and aim, is to give, as I believe for the first time, in plain English—it has often been incidentally given in good Greek by Plato and Xenophon, and good Latin by Cicero and Horace—a logical definition of wealth, such definition being absolutely needed for a basis of economical science."

"Ohe jam satis!" A more odd mixture of arrogance and simplicity, pseudo-classicality and real literary power, and, at the same time, affectation of accuracy with a total absence of it, than are to be found in these pages, we have never yet seen.

*Of Anagrams: a Monograph treating of their History from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* By H. B. WHEATLY. (Printed for the Author by Stephen Austin, Hertford, and sold by Norgate and Williams. 1862. pp. 186.)—This very elegant little volume contains a careful account of that elaborate and unserviceable trifling which consists in torturing the letters of a name into a word or words having some supposed reference to its original meaning. The curious side of the subject consists in this, that many men of great intellectual ability have devoted much time and thought to working out these alphabetical trifles. Although any person who should now spend all his time in ringing the literal changes on "Helen" or "Charlotte" would be very likely to end his days in Colney Hatch Asylum, it is by no means uninteresting to read the pleasant and well-written account which Mr. Wheatly gives of the vagaries of men at a loss how to consume their time.

## A CRUISE UPON WHEELS.

*A Cruise upon Wheels: the Chronicle of some Autumn Wanderings among the deserted Post-Roads of France.* By CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 2 vols. pp. 310, 264.

PROBABLY IT WAS THE IDEA that a man who keeps his own vehicle is independent of all public means of locomotion that caused respectability to be defined as the keeping of a gig. Whether this be so or not, it was an excellent notion that seized the heads of two Englishmen, Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold, happening at the time to be in France, to purchase a vehicle and a horse, and drive through the country from Calais to Geneva perfectly independent of railroad, diligence, or postchaise. In Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold we suppose ought to be recognisable Mr. Collins himself and a *compagnon de voyage*. The notion, after some preliminary difficulties, was realised. A trap was bought easily enough; the horse was a more serious matter, and the one which, after much doubting, was purchased, turned out dead lame, and caused a serious interruption to the journey between Amiens and Paris. In spite of all difficulties, however, the project was eventually carried out, and in what way those who take the trouble to read these two very entertaining volumes will learn. They will repay perusal; for the notion is a good one, and is well carried out; and Mr. Charles Collins has a fresh, graphic, brightly descriptive style, of which the world has already formed a good opinion. A few samples will serve to show how Mr. Collins can amuse himself in a holiday jaunt.

In the first place, we find Messrs. Fudge and Pinchbold in a horse-dealer's yard:

All these things passed through the mind of Mr. Fudge as he gazed upon the animal before him, as he watched it being trotted up and down by the groom, as he approached it, and looked carefully all over it when this exercise was over. Whilst he was engaged in this occupation, Mr. Pinchbold came creeping up behind him, and whispered in his ear,

"I don't like that horse, Fudge," he said, "I feel convinced he is a biter."

"What nonsense, Pinchbold, how can you possibly know?"

"I have been secretly examining his stall," replied Mr. Pinchbold, "and the wood-work of it is gnawed in a manner horrible to behold."

"He looks quiet enough to me," remarked Mr. Fudge, as the horse was again trotted up and down; and then, turning to Monsieur Garrot, he inquired what kind of work the animal had been accustomed to.

"To every kind of work," M. Garrot answered, after slowly taking the straw out of his mouth.

"Before going any further," said Mr. Fudge, who was rather posed by this comprehensive answer, "I should like to see one or two more of your horses."

"Certainly," said M. Garrot, "bring out the black, Gustave."

The white horse was taken in, and after a long interval Gustave reappeared, conducting an animal so remarkable in its appearance as to be deserving of a special description. It was about seventeen and a half hands high, coal black, sloping from the top of the head to the crest, and from the crest to the tail in a sliding scale like a giraffe; it stood with its head in the air so high that it seemed wonderful how the groom could have put the bridle on without ascending a ladder; it had a fearful, rolling eye, tapering legs with small hoofs. In short, it looked like a demon-horse in a German romance, like a destroying horse seen in dreams, like the incorporation of strength, ferocity, and terror. Mr. Pinchbold fled into a distant doorway at sight of it, and even Mr. Fudge stood aside as the monster passed.

"It is rather large," he remarked to M. Garrot.

"It is just the horse for a journey," replied that gentleman, to whom Mr. Fudge had mentioned the object he had in view. "He is so strong that no amount of work would fatigue him."

"So I should think," said Mr. Fudge, turning round so that he could not see the gesticulations of Mr. Pinchbold, who was making frantic signs to him in the distance.

"Let him go," cried Monsieur Garrot to the groom, who was being lifted off the ground by the Demon in its efforts to escape.

The groom made a virtue of necessity, and *did* let him go. He was then dragged at full gallop from one end of the yard to the other. Here he made a struggle which somehow or other brought the Demon's head round, and so he was conveyed back again at the same pace. Having succeeded in guiding the dream-horse to a place where his career was checked by a dead wall, the animal was now brought to a stand-still.

"Great resources," said M. Garrot, quietly.

Mr. Fudge felt inclined for something with fewer resources, so he made known to M. Garrot that he thought the Demon-horse was a foot or two too large, and that he should be obliged if he could show him something a size smaller.

"Bring out the brown mare, Gustave," said M. Garrot.

The Demon-horse, after various plunges and rearings, was somehow or other got into the stable-door, and Mr. Pinchbold emerged from his place of retirement.

"It is hopeless," he said, as he approached the place where Mr. Fudge was standing.

"Why, we have only just begun!" replied Mr. Fudge.

"The mere fact of such an animal as that being presented to us at all is enough to discourage one," remarked Mr. P.; "and here, by all that's dreadful, comes another. What extraordinary hind-legs!"

The remark of Mr. Pinchbold on the posterior extremities of the horse which was now trotted out for inspection, seemed certainly more than justifiable. Surely there never were two hind-legs so far apart as those of "the brown mare." When she turned her back and trotted up the yard, the appearance presented was something so remarkable that Mr. Fudge could not help commenting on it to M. Garrot.

"They are not very far apart," said that gentleman. "For the rest, if they were, it would only be a sign of strength."

"It is a sign of some horrible kicking propensity, I feel convinced," said Mr. Pinchbold. "Whatever you do, Fudge, have nothing to do with that horse."

"According to you, my dear Pinchbold," replied Mr. Fudge, "we should be in a fair way of having nothing to do with any horse."

In the course of the journey they visited the little town of St. Pol, and at the inn they encounter a priest of most formidable appearance:

"Good evening, gentlemen; you have just arrived? How did you come? The diligence has been in some hours; have you come from Arras, from Bethune, from Doullens, where, in short, have you come from?"

Now, to be greeted the moment you are inside the door of a strange *salle à manger*, arriving dead tired, exhausted with hunger, blinking out of the darkness, with such a volley of questions as this would be disconcerting enough in itself, even supposing the inquiries to have emanated from a person of prepossessing or even of an ordinary appearance. But when this rude assault is immediately connected with an apparition of the biggest, the ugliest, the most villainous, the boniest, the most muscular, the largest-headed, the largest-mouthed, the hugest nosed, the protudingest eyed, the dirtiest handed, and altogether the most appalling priest ever beheld by mortal eyes, then, indeed, is the situation one calculated to make the strongest set of nerves quake, whilst the effect upon those of a weaker type is something that the mind shrinks from contemplating.

When Mr. Pinchbold beheld the apparition which we have described, he shrunk back, and left Mr. Fudge to meet the first shock of the encounter with the priest. He was seated in the very middle of a long bare table, apparently waiting for his supper, solacing himself in its absence with huge lumps of bread. But not the hugest lump that he could put into his mouth was able to arrest for one moment the flood of questions which issued from it. He invariably spoke with his mouth full, and as his tongue was too large even for his mouth, and his voice was a very loud one, it may be imagined that the effect was not pleasing. Everything this fearful man did was done violently, and as if he had far more of the vital element in him than he knew what to do with. He eat violently, he breathed violently, he spat violently, he pushed back his skull-cap from a low retreating forehead, and scratched his head violently, he stared violently. He was so alive, so huge, so goggle-eyed, and his long black cassock covered so gigantic a frame, that he seemed, as Mr. Pinchbold gazed in horror upon him, to expand and fill the whole apartment.

We have seen that this tremendous personage was down upon our travellers the moment they entered the room, but when they had reached the table and sat down opposite him, which they were obliged to do, as there was only one lamp, and that hung immediately over the priest's head—when they were thus encamped opposite to him, his questions came thick and fast indeed. The worst of it was, that when Mr. Pinchbold became the object, as not unfrequently happened, of these questionings, such was his panic-stricken condition, that he could not articulate a single word, so that Mr. Fudge had not only to answer for himself, but for his friend; a position which would have been sufficiently embarrassing, even if Mr. Pinchbold had not kept on continually nudging him under the table, entreating him, in their native tongue, to mind what he was about, as he felt certain that the priest was a spy, who would betray them in some way or the other into the hands of government.

"You are travellers, gentlemen; where do you come from? From St. Omer's, eh? And before that? From Calais?—really. But how did you travel—there is no public vehicle at this hour? Oh! in your own carriage, and with your own horse. That must be an expensive way of travelling; but you are rich?"

"By no means; quite the contrary."

"Oh yes, you are; all the English are rich. Only the Irish are poor. They suffer and remain in poverty because they are faithful. Are you cold?"

"No; not particularly."

"Is that gentleman cold?" pointing to Mr. Pinchbold; his teeth are chattering. He is cold. He is younger than you are, is he not? To look at him, one would not give him more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years. Do you always travel together?"

"Not always."

"And this carriage, did you bring it over from England with you? No? But the horse, doubtless?"

"No, neither horse nor carriage."

"You have travelled in France before?"

"Yes."

"You have been at Paris, at Boulogne, at Lyons, at Dijon, no doubt?"

"No doubt."

"Have you been at Amiens, for instance?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And this gentleman—has he also visited all these places?"

"He has visited some; but, to the best of my belief, not all of them. You have never been at Dijon, have you?" said Mr. Fudge, addressing the last sentence to Mr. Pinchbold in their native tongue.

"Yes—no; I don't know—never mind—don't tell him."

"Your friend does not speak French?" asked the priest again.

"Yes; he speaks the language just as badly as I do. Come, his name is Pinchbold, and my name is Fudge, and we are both English, and we are travelling through France, and we have our own horse and our own carriage, because we want to see the country and to study its inhabitants, and to satisfy ourselves whether the rumours which have reached our metropolis, attributing to the French priesthood the custom of asking incessant questions, is founded on fact: and so now you know all about it."

The priest continued his questions, nothing daunted by Mr. Fudge's last remark. "Was Mr. Pinchbold travelling with the same views? Was he married? Was Mr. Fudge married? Had Mr. Fudge any brothers or sisters? Were any of his brothers or sisters married? Oh! his sister was married. What was the profession of the gentleman who had married Mr. Fudge's sister? Mr. Pinchbold, had he any brothers or sisters? Had he any aunts or uncles? Oh, he had an uncle by the mother's side, had he? Was Mr. Pinchbold's uncle by the mother's side married? Had Mr. Pinchbold's uncle by the mother's side any offspring?"

At this point in the proceedings, the supper making its appearance, the attention of the worthy divine became so utterly absorbed in the contemplation of an attack upon it, that beyond a final inquiry whether they meant to eat any bread, coupled with an assertion that he knew that the English never did eat any bread with their meals—beyond this, the travellers were at length left to themselves, and allowed to occupy themselves with eating their own suppers, or watching the priest of St. Pol as he flung himself upon his.

But if the priest was horrible to behold when merely engaged in stanching his appetite with occasional morsels of bread, what was he now, that having crossed himself on his wicked old breast, he set himself in earnest to work at the viands which were placed before him? Such a noisy eater was this priest; such a devourer, with his eyes, of the dish that was to follow that which he was engaged upon—such a lapper-up of soup, such a whistling chawer of tough bouilli, such a tearer of the underdone flesh of cold gigot, such a cruncher of the bones of young chickens, that all appetite forsook our travellers at sight of him, and they were not long in finding an excuse for abandoning the *salle à manger*; leaving their terrific tormentor still at work with a stream of *omelette aux fines herbes* running out of each corner of his mouth.

The lame horse had to be replaced by another, which they purchased in Paris. This time the travellers drew a prize, and were proportionately grateful. When, at the end of their journey, they had to part with "Blinkers," as they fondly christened the good little beast, the parting was a sore trial:



The little horse was alone with Mazard, and the two appeared to be engaged in a highly interesting conversation, which Mr. Fudge's entry interrupted. There were no other horses in the stable, and all the other stalls were vacant as there had been a great demand for carriages in the hotel that day. For the same reason, the grooms and drivers attached to the establishment were absent also. Mr. Fudge closed the door, and advancing to the dark corner where Blinkers stood, he entered the stall and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The poor beast went through the usual established form which was his notion of fun, and laying his ears back, turned his head away, and began rousing with his nose among the few grains which lay at the bottom of the empty manger. Acting strictly in accordance with precedent, Mr. Fudge should at this time have feigned to be oblivious of the presence of the little horse, but he had not the heart to perform his usual part, and so when Blinkers turned his head round, he found this disconsolate gentleman standing with his face towards him, and still with his hand upon the horse's shoulder.

"So, it is over, Blinkers," he said. "I almost wish, now that it has come to this, that it had never begun: to turn you into money—though, Heaven knows, not to profit—is almost like selling a friend. Alas! I have not many friends that I should feel the parting from as I feel the separation between us two. And what now has become of the memory of all thy defects—those startings and shyness, and those stumblings which have so depreciated thy worth—they seem all forgotten, and nothing but thy merit remembered. There was so much of that, my little horse, that it swallows up the remembrance of thy faults. For, besides that thou wert so strong, and so capable of labour, more than many a larger animal than thyself, thou wert gifted with the gentlest nature and sweetest temper that ever horse possessed. Those 'flaws and faults' arose not from defect of temper, but of nerve, and—I shrewdly suspect—from some fault of vision yet more."

The animal thus fondly addressed was by no means insensible to the affection thus bestowed upon it, for he was nibbling with his lip at Mr. Fudge's hands, and putting his nose into the pockets of that gentleman's shooting-jacket all the time he spoke.

"And now," Mr. Fudge continued, "you are going to a *manège*, Blinkers, and you going to spend your life in ambling round and round a riding-school, with small urchins and little ladies on thy back."

Blinkers was now occupied in affectionately chewing Mr. Fudge's left trouser; but it is one of the advantages of habitual shabbiness in attire, that the seedy are not obliged to pause in moments of emotion to consider their clothes.

"Heaven send they may be kind to thee!" Mr. Fudge went on, as he took the poor beast's head in his hands, and drew it towards him. "I would that I were able to keep thee, but I am poor and may not afford it, and I have business to attend to, and I must not spend my life in rambling up and down the world with our friend Francis Pinchbold, with Mazard and thee."

"Heaven send they may be kind to thee!" said Mr. Fudge again, as he raised Blinkers' soft nose to a level with his own face, and pressed his lips against the velvet skin.

When Mr. Fudge left the stable, with Mazard following at his heels, he was obliged to take his spectacles off and wipe them, for a mist had gathered on the glass.

"I have brought you," said Mr. Fudge, as he re-entered the room in which he had left his friend, "I have brought you Mazard back, at any rate. As long as he is about us we shall have something to remind us of our journey, and when we start again—"

"Start again!" interrupted Mr. Pinchbold.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fudge. "This journey has been too successful for us to abandon this way of life altogether, and I hope and trust that one of these days we shall be off again, and Mazard shall go with us."

Mr. Pinchbold, sitting with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and looking down ruefully at the dog at his feet, shook his head in unspoken despondency.

"We will have another cruise yet," said Mr. Fudge, with a kind of desperate gaiety.

Mr. Pinchbold shook his head again, and again looked down at Mazard, who was gazing hard at him, and wagging his tail slowly and thoughtfully, as dogs will when taking in a conversation.

"Never," said Mr. Pinchbold; "our travels are ended; besides I have a presentiment."

Mr. Collins gives an *itinerary* of the journey and statement of expenses; both of which will be interesting to those who may desire to imitate this excellent example. The journey occupied twenty-three days of travelling and seven days of rest. The total distance was 402 miles, and the expenses of the way (not including the cost of the horse and vehicle, which was partly recouped by sale at the journey's end) was 28*l.* 9*s.* 6½*d.* for the two. Not a very expensive journey surely.

#### THE HISTORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

*The History of New South Wales; with an Account of Van Diemen's Land [Tasmania], New Zealand, Port Phillip [Victoria], Moreton Bay, and other Australian Settlements. Comprising a Complete View of the Progress and Prospects of Gold Mining in Australia. The whole Compiled from Official and other Authentic and Original Sources.* By RODERICK FLANAGAN, Member of the Australian Literary Institute, and of the Philosophical Society of New South Wales. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. pp. 567.

THIS IS NOT a very well digested or accurate work, but it is one which bears tokens of much industry and laboriousness, and which can hardly fail to be of great service to the future historian of New South Wales. In some respects it may be considered a posthumous work. Its writer has unfortunately not lived to revise a considerable portion of the first or a single page of the second volume; and this circumstance alone makes us reluctant to trace out its shortcomings.

The gigantic progress of the colony is inadvertently testified to very strongly by the difference of the space of time allotted to each of these volumes. The first bears date from 1605 to 1838, nearly two centuries and a half, while the latter is occupied with the history of but twenty-three years, viz., from 1838 to 1861.

It is, however, within the last twelve years that the colony has advanced with the growth of a young giant. By how many years the

gold discovery has accelerated that growth it is impossible to say; but we can now hardly forbear from smiling when we read that in 1851 it was considered as something beyond the marvellous that one vessel should carry such a freight as 11,648*l.* from the colony. Curiously enough, the gold discovery settled one vexed question between the colonists and the Imperial Government, viz., that of transportation. It would have been worse than absurd to have continued the system of conveying men for punishment to that land which so many millions of deserving persons were anxious to reach. To confer such a premium on crime was manifestly inadvisable, and that which would not improbably have been the cause of bad blood was for ever set at rest.

The same discovery also expedited the advent of those "perfectly free institutions" of which Mr. Flanagan speaks so admiringly. Whether, however, an unbridled democracy is the best form of constitution for a young and swiftly growing colony is a moot point which the future will solve. Already acute observers have laid themselves open to the reproach of prejudice and ill-judgment by suggesting that in these same institutions lie hid the germs of no very distant disunion and contention.

As a specimen of the somewhat magniloquent and rather loose style of the writer we give the following character of Sir Charles Fitz-Roy:

If we look more intimately into the administration, we will find that to Fitz-Roy personally must be attributed no inconsiderable share of the success by which it was attended. Rarely, if ever, can a government be successful, the head of which is not capable; but, not to be guided by general maxims, we find that Fitz-Roy was far from being that indolent, pleasure-seeking man whom his enemies would depict him. We know, as a matter of fact, that he made numerous tours through the colony and voyages along its coasts at no inconsiderable personal inconvenience. He was the first of all the governors who traversed the squatting districts, encouraging by the presence of the representative of royalty, the pioneers of enterprise and civilisation. Nor was his industry in the cabinet less than his energy abroad. If we are to believe those who had the best opportunities of knowing. It is said that no paper of importance passed through his office, not only without his personal perusal, but without being minuted by him.

An undue partiality for the fair sex was the weak point at which Fitz-Roy was most assailed; and in the censure in this particular his sons were always involved. Yet while there was abundant reason to know that the family were under the influence of this failing, which in their case may be considered hereditary, there is no well authenticated proof that their amours were in themselves calculated to produce detriment to the public morals, or injury to private honour. On the other hand, it is known that the sons of the governor were on intimate terms with numerous young women of the middle class, whose reputation and prospects in no way suffered by an acquaintanceship which appears to have been as harmless as it was frank.

If in the agitation on the convict question, Fitz-Roy, on one occasion, did depart from the line of strict duty, it is certain that the difficulty of his position, the excited state of public opinion, the unscrupulous character of some of those who were opposed to him, and, above all, the vituperation which was poured on himself and family, through the columns of one or two not very reputable newspapers, to some extent afforded him an apology. On the other hand he will ever be entitled to respect and gratitude for the success which attended the measures of his government for carrying the colony over those difficulties which beset its career during the great social revolution which followed on this discovery of its golden treasures.

We can hardly open any portion of the second volume without coming upon something to remind us that Australia bears no little resemblance to her mother England. The Colonial Parliamentary debates, which Mr. Flanagan transfers almost by wholesale to his columns, are full of allusions to "committees," to "speakers," to "honourable members," to "the opposition," the "premier," &c. Every great event is celebrated, as among us, by a public dinner; and people who have done nothing whatever are presented just as liberally with testimonials in the antipodes as they are amongst ourselves. The colony has its universities and public schools, framed exactly after the English models, its bishops and archdeacons, its Radicals and Conservatives. Englishmen are fortunate who, if poverty or love of change drive them from their birthplace, are certain to find a "New Salamis" on the other side of the globe.

Mr. Flanagan's volumes owe not a little of their size to extracts from parliamentary reports, newspapers, pamphlets, &c. They are by no means as pleasant reading as they might have been made by a writer not less painstaking, but more humorous and imaginative, than Mr. Flanagan. In his pages a duel, or the imposition of a new tax, a public dinner or a financial debate, are all and each described in the same steady humdrum, but somewhat stilted, style. He begins and ends his story without animation, though, as a repository of many facts and not a little fiction, his pages, doubtless, have their value.

His history concludes as follows:

A very considerable proportion of the farmers of New South Wales are men who, until advanced in life, never handled a plough, perhaps rarely saw one. Brought up as artisans, mechanics, and ordinary labourers, most of them resorted to farming as a means of attaining to that independence, the love of which being deeply implanted in every human breast, is most effectively gratified in the case of a working man by the possession of a spot of earth which owns no landlord and swells no rent-roll. If with these disadvantages and drawbacks the colonists cultivate so extensively, and in many instances so profitably, what may not be expected when agriculture receives that attention which its importance merits, and which it already begins to receive? What may not be hoped for in regard to Australian agriculture when the colonists have learned by artificial means to avail themselves of the full benefit of those rains which fall so abundantly through their territory, when the process of manuring is better understood and applied, when improved and scientific methods of farming are practically taught, when the more perfect and more effective implements and machines are introduced and generally brought into requisition?

In fine, as the founding and establishing of the Australian colonies may justly be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of the British nation, so it may be asserted that, as regards the congeniality of its climate, the adaptability of its

soil, the abundance of its resources, and, above all, the freedom of its institutions, political, religious, and social, Australia will prove the best outlet for the exuberant population of the British islands, the best field for establishing in a new division of the globe a nation which, possessing all the characteristics of Britons, may rival at the southern limit of civilisation the name and the fame which their progenitors have established amid the great nationalities of the northern hemisphere.

#### VANITY CHURCH.

*Vanity Church.* 2 vols. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co.

THIS IS, unless we greatly deceive ourselves, the first work of a new author, and bears, as might be expected, many marks of inexperience. It is not so much a novel as a series of sketches, strung together with little art or unity. Even when there are good points in the plot, the author sometimes unpardonably neglects them, as in the case of the story of Jane Edwards, who is spirited away to Liverpool and lost sight of at the time that her adventures were beginning to be most interesting. The characters, too, are almost all tinged with caricature. In the "veil" worn by one of them—the Rev. Dr. Tarbet—and in his moralisings thereupon, we have a very close copy of one of Hawthorne's most striking stories, "The Black Veil."

Having thus almost exhausted objections to begin with, we have now to say that we have found a great deal to amuse and interest us in this unpretending work. It is, first of all, a very readable book. We read it almost at a sitting. If it does not carry you along with a strong and swelling suction, it yet pleases and titillates you onwards. It displays, too, on the part of the author a very remarkable extent, diversity, and catholicity of reading, and the writing of the tale is, in general, spirited and good. In the characters of Dr. Griffith, with his "blue pill," and here and there in that of Dr. Tarbet, there is no small amount of humour discovered. The electioneering and Parliamentary experience of Mr. Rochester is recounted in a clever and amusing style. But we are inclined to think that the main merit of the book lies in its faithful picture of the working of Poor-law parish boards, and the inhuman grinding of the faces of the poor which takes place there under the guise of humanity. Our author—is he a parish clergyman?—has evidently watched such doings with his own eyes, and his photographs carry the mark of truth in their every line. His Snakes, Lards, and Snarls are real, probably living, characters, and so are their victims, his Mrs. Pigotts, Ann Mathiesons, Mary Purvesses, &c. We honour the writer for the boldness and energy with which he exposes the cheese-paring penuriousness, the cold callousness of feeling displayed by those who, "drest in a little brief authority," seem to have been chosen to their posts of poor-house managers, chiefly on account of their want of all heart and all charity. Ruskin says that never was there an age in which more was done for the poor, and yet never were they more estranged in feeling from the better classes, but he does not, we think, assign any cause for this. One cause surely must lie in such proceedings of poor-house boards as are so graphically set forth in "Vanity Church." We would strongly recommend this book to general acceptance, were it for nothing else than its direct and vigorous dealing with one of the clamant abuses of the day. It proves the writer to be a warm-hearted and right-thinking man.

As a specimen of the good writing of the book, we quote a passage descriptive of Mr. Herbert, a wise and wealthy man, devoted to astronomy.

An ardent student of the heavens, he had left the smoke and stir of the great city to pursue, under the clear, cloudless sky of a rural district, that science which had absorbed the vigour of his youth, and now occupied the ripened powers of his manhood. He had selected the Priory—originally the seat of one of the monastic orders, and carrying the mind back, by its hoary, time-worn appearance, to past ages—on account of the unbroken seclusion he conceived it likely he might enjoy under its roof, and in the hope that, undisturbed even by the echoes of those great tides of life which fret and foam in cities, he might devote himself with greater earnestness to that science which was in his case the handmaid of religion, as well as served the purpose of a mystic ladder, by means of which he ascended from earth to heaven. The study of this sublime science, which frequently occupied him in his observations until the grey light of morning broke in upon him from the flaming East, did not render him, as it renders too many of its disciples, either dippant, undevout, or atheistical; on the contrary, it confirmed his faith and deepened his humility. While the unlearned wrest this science to their own destruction, Mr. Herbert found it served the purpose which the chariot of fire and the horses of fire did to the prophet, and bore him upwards to that Great Being to whom the universe is but as a grain of sand, and the ages which have flowed, and shall flow, but as the momentary vibration of the pendulum.

#### THE HISTORY OF A PARISH.

*History of the Parish of Ecclesfield, in the County of York.* By the Rev. J. EASTWOOD, M.A., Curate of Eckington, Derbyshire; formerly Curate of Ecclesfield. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862. pp. 558.

LOCAL ANTIQUARIANS have ere this done excellent service in their generation, but there is always some little danger lest they override their hobby, and give us the annals of Little Peddling-ton on a scale adapted to the history of a province or a nation. Ecclesfield is, no doubt, an important part of Yorkshire, and Yorkshire is confessedly an important part of England; but five hundred and fifty-eight pages to one parish is somewhat too liberal an allowance to any country parish to suit the taste of most readers who have no paternal acres within its boundaries, and are not otherwise locally connected with it. Life, indeed, is too short to allow us to give that attention to the acreage, population, boundaries, crops,

scenery, sporting *locales*, &c., of any one little spot in this island, which Mr. Eastwood demands for his favourite parish. Of book-making there would, indeed, be no end, if every country curate were to employ his leisure time in collecting the history of all the persons who have lived or died within the precincts of the parish where he pursues his vocation, eking out the already inordinate details by printing all parish memoranda, whether curious or not, by copying all the monuments in the churchyard, and by describing, with the accuracy of the French scholar who spent four years in translating the first sentence of Cicero's speech "Pro Archia," every testimonial from a silver teapot to a pair of slippers which had ever been presented to a former vicar or curate.

Mr. Eastwood gives us pages of such stuff as the following:

"This marble commemorates the fate of CHARLES fourth Son of the late WILLIAM BOOTH, Esquire, of Brush House, in this parish,

and Lieutenant in his Majesty's 52nd Regiment of Light Infantry;

Who fell a sacrifice to his voluntary services, while gallantly leading his Men to the Breach,

At the Storming of Badajos in Spain,

On the night of the 6th of April, A.D. 1812. Aged 23 years.

Of his honourable career in the duties of his profession,

The best monument is the testimony of his Fellow-soldiers

To his firm and enterprising spirit, and to his meritorious exertions;

Of his private worth and rectitude, the remembrance of his afflicted Brothers

Who jointly erect this tribute to his character;

Which survives his remains as an example for imitation,

And a source of humble confidence in his happy transition to life Eternal."

On a brass plate:

"Sacred to the memory of John Kaye Booth, Esq., Doctor of Medicine of Göttingen and London, and sometime Principal of Queen's College, Birmingham. Gifted with unusual powers of both body and mind, he practised as a physician with high distinction and great success, in Leeds, Birmingham, and Bath, and with the habits of a scholar he acquired profound knowledge in classical Literature and physical Science. As a Magistrate he administered justice uprightly yet mercifully, and at Birmingham, where he resided for more than 30 years, he vigorously upheld the authority of the Law in times of popular commotion. In his social and domestic character he was exemplary and uniform. Active in doing good, benevolent and honourable as a man, a kind neighbour, and a devout Christian. After an absence of half a century employed in the earnest pursuit of his profession, he returned to Brush House, the Home which he had inherited, and where he resided ten more years. A brief illness, contracted in the performance of public duties, terminated his useful and laborious life, on the 14th of Jan. 1859, at the advanced age of 81 years.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

This is followed by equally lengthy monumental inscriptions in honour of various other Booths. No doubt worthy persons enough in their day, but who, after life's fitful fever, might have been allowed to rest undisturbed.

Even the Order in Council for preventing burials within the parish church of Ecclesfield is given at full length; as is also a lengthy circular, written by the present vicar, asking for subscriptions towards the restoration of the church. The letter-press is further eked out by a description of the residences of the gentry in the parish.

We have now said enough to show that this book is hardly likely to attract the general reader. It has its good points, no doubt. Though it possesses but little claim to originality, no one can fail to acknowledge the industry and laboriousness of the writer. Discretion he apparently had no need of, as it appears to have been his object to collect every scrap of matter, good, bad, and indifferent, which had the remotest reference to the parish of Ecclesfield, and to insert it in his volume. We have little doubt, however, that Mr. Eastwood's work will find due acceptance from the Ecclesfieldians; and we trust that its perusal will originate many local antiquarians, though we do not hope that they will all think it necessary to publish the result of their researches.

#### ELLICE: A TALE.

*Ellice: a Tale.* By L. N. COMYN. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1 vol.

CERTAINLY this is not what is termed in these days a "sensation novel;" it is, on the contrary, a record of quiet home life. One great charm about this book is, that it exactly carries out the intention of the author, no more being attempted than what is accomplished; there is no straining after effect, no plot, no mysteries, no attempt at brilliant writing, but the author relies on the truthfulness of the characters he depicts as the sole means with which to captivate the attention of his readers. More especially will this book interest young people, as its subject is principally that portion in the lives of a family when its members are just budding into man and womanhood.

At first, when we took up this book we feared it might prove dull, and, indeed, when we had ended it, our great wonder was, that more than four hundred and fifty pages had been written and so few events detailed therein; but we must confess our fears were not realised. The tale proved not at all dull, and although the subject is anything but exciting, still there is much pleasant reading in it, and with a high moral tone running throughout, making it especially suitable for young readers. The lesson they may learn from its teaching is, that the greatest trial of a young life, if rightly used, may prove its greatest blessing, a lesson which few pass through this life without learning at one time or another.

Ellice Lewistone is the second daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Lewistone, people with a handsome property and in a high social position. The father is a stern, silent man, who, in his younger days, had seen much trouble. With the high-born, well-bred, beautiful lady-mother we have but little to do. Ellice, the second daughter, and Gerard, the only son, the idol of his family, are the principal characters who interest us. From his birth every one had given way to Gerard; even his stern father's



face wore a sunny smile, and his eye kindled with love when his only son was with him. He was a fine high-spirited lad, captivating alike his equals and dependents with his frank, open manner, and winning, boyish ways. But he had a strong, determined will, and was getting headstrong and unmanageable, when, through the influence of his uncle, General Gordon, a tutor is introduced into Lewistown Hall. Mr. Harrison proves himself exactly the master best fitted for his pupil. He has many battles with Gerard's domineering temper; but, in the end, succeeds in curbing the strong will without breaking it, and leading, step by step, the boy to a higher and holier view of the duties and responsibilities of his life. Ellice is her brother's constant companion; in their play-hours they are inseparable, fishing together, and getting into scrapes together; in fact, Ellice makes an idol of her brother, and is never happy when out of his sight. Gerard tries hard on many occasions to inculcate some of his tutor's teaching into his sister's more careless mind. The following is a scene which takes place in Gerard's study, after an argument between the two upon the line of conduct to be pursued by Gerard:

"You are always thinking whether things are right or not," she said, after a pause.

"Well, and so are you—are you not?"

"I! no, indeed I'm not. Don't hate me, Gerard; but I can't pretend to be good when I'm not. If I like a thing I do it; if not, I don't, unless I'm obliged—which is very often, by-the-by,—for Miss Evans is always making me do things I can't bear; and then I'm cross. But as for doing them of my own free-will, because they are right, I never thought of such a thing. Why, in that case I should never have any happiness. It is so disagreeable to do things one hates."

"Yes, so it is," Gerard said thoughtfully; "but then I suppose things that are right are very often disagreeable; and yet they must be done, or what becomes of our promise?"

"Promise! What promise? I never made any. What do you mean?"

"Oh, Ellice!"

"Why do you say 'Oh, Ellice!' in that way? I don't know what you are talking about, really. Tell me what you mean."

Gerard made no answer; but he got up, and going to the book-case took down a book and stood turning over the leaves, whilst Ellice looked at him with rather a puzzled air.

"What is it? Why, it's a prayer-book," she exclaimed, as he showed her what he had been looking out. "Well! that is only the Baptismal Service. What has that got to do with me? Oh, I know! Somebody promised something for me. Let me see. Yes, we say the same sort of thing to Miss Evans on Sundays, and very tiresome and long it is. 'They did promise and vow three things in my name.' I remember now. But nobody thinks anything of that; we only say the catechism till we are confirmed, and then we shall have nothing more to do with it."

"Not with the catechism, perhaps, but your promise will be the same; at least, you will promise for yourself then, so it will be more."

"Well!" said Ellice, "you know I never asked my godfather and god-mothers to promise anything for me; so it isn't my fault if they said I would do things that I can't. Don't look so shocked, Gerard; I don't mean that I want to be wicked, but I never knew that anybody was obliged to think of all those things that are said there; and if I am to promise to do them all, I had better not be confirmed, for I am sure I should never keep my promise."

"Oh, Ellice! how can you talk in that way? You can try."

"Try! what would be the use of that? I couldn't do it if I tried ever so hard. I have often heard those things read in church at christenings; it's impossible to do them, and I have always wondered why they were read; but it never came into my head that we had anything to do with them, or that people thought more about them after they came out of church. Oh, it would be quite useless for me to try! they are a great deal too difficult."

"But, Ellice, why are they more difficult for you than for anyone else? You would be helped."

"That would do me no good. If I did a thing right once I should do wrong the next time. I should be always going back."

"But you could try again. Everybody goes back sometimes; but still it must be right to try."

"Sometimes! it wouldn't be that with me—it would be always. No, it's no use talking. Some people are born to be good and others to be wicked, and I am one of the last. I don't mean that I would do anything very wrong, but I can't always be thinking whether a thing is right or not; and though there are some things I might be able to do, there are a great many more I could not. But don't be angry with me, Gerard, please. You are not, are you?"

"Angry! no, indeed. Why should I be angry? But I wish you thought differently," he said rather sadly. "I can't bear to hear you talk in that way, Ellice. I wish we thought alike about such things."

"Do you?" she said eagerly. "Would it please you if I did?—If I were trying to think of them?"

"Ah, Ellice, if you would! But not for me—not to please me. It would be no good."

Ellice shook her head. "I'm afraid that would be my reason if I did try."

But don't look like that, Gerard. I mean to read this again, and see what people really promise; for I'm sure before I had no idea there was anything that concerned me there. No one ever told me so. But, dear me! It would be no use trying. I should be always forgetting; there are so many things to do. You don't mean to say that you can always remember?"

"No, indeed, I forget very often—every day—a great many times. But still one needn't give up for that."

Ellice looked at him for a few moments very earnestly, and then she said,—  
"I am sure, Gerard, no one would ever suppose you cared about such things. If you had not told me I should never have guessed you thought of them at all. You always say and do everything off-hand, as if you had no time to think about it."

"Do I? Oh, yes, I know what you mean," he said, with something like a sigh. "I am so careless. Everybody tells me so. And yet I do think of them—only not half so much as I ought. But, Ellice, you needn't be like me; you may do so much better if you try," he added eagerly.

Poor Ellice! she does not escape the punishment always dealt to those who set up an idol of clay. On his fifteenth birthday her brother is taken away from her; he is shot while pleading for the life of some pigeons belonging to a poor man, and which one of his companions insisted upon shooting. The happy death-bed is touchingly described, and the heart-rending struggles which Ellice makes before she can forgive the boy who shot her brother, and before she can recognise the chastening hand which sends sorrow for an appointed work, all bear evidence to a right-thinking, serious mind. To those who find pleasure in reading of the ways and aspirations of young lives we heartily commend "Ellice."

*Poems. To Parents and Guardians, and Others.* By AVERY NEWMAN. Illustrated. (For the Author, John C. Hotten. 1862. pp. 136.)—Mr. Avery Newman's volume commences with a poem in memory of the late Prince Consort, the opening lines of which run thus:

The heavens weep—the land in darkness mourns;  
Bold Mars with mail his vengeful breast adorns;  
Jehus hushed—Apollo veils his head:  
Albert—Prince Consort—Thane of Peace, is dead!  
A flag, insulted, claims our proudest keel,  
To chide who dare beneath its folds to steal,  
And willing hands the emblem to the breeze unfold,  
But palsied, heed what mournful minute guns soon told.  
The dew-clad symbols to the half-masts cling;  
Cannon groan; and bells, solemn dirges ring;  
Westminster and St. Paul's the knell promote,  
Whose iron tongues a nation's grief denote:  
But not alone in outward show this grief,  
Who pulls the ropes by weeping seeks relief:  
And crape-bound braves, with muffled drums, defer their rage,  
And gently speak, their sovereign's sorrow to assuage.

"Apollo," "Jehus," "Mars," "Albert!" we can only say with Dominic Sampson, "Prodigious!" There is a genuine touch of nature in the idea of the sexton or bell-ringer seeking relief from his toil by weeping for the Prince Consort. "Mute Love" drags its length along through fifty-four stanzas. The ardent but bashful lover sees his "Rose" reading a book. She, to encourage him, goes away and leaves the volume behind:

Then wistfully he turns,  
Her welcome book to take;  
Oh how his cheek now burns,  
And knees beneath him shake.  
His hand so greatly shakes,  
He scarce a word can read;  
Then stupid blunders makes,  
And sighs, excuse to plead.  
"Absence strengthens friendship,  
When last thoughts were kindly;"  
Martin Tupper's "Friendship"  
Tis he reads so blindly.—&c. &c.

These "poems" are dedicated to the Secretary of War. We are happy to see from the title-page that the author has not been able to find any publishers so foolish as to purchase the worthless rubbish which he styles "poetry," and we trust a good long bill will moderate his eagerness for rhyming for some time to come.

Messrs. Ward and Lock have added to their "Shilling-Volume Library" *The Chain of Destiny*. By VASE IRETON ST. JOHN.

We have also received: An account of *The New and Unparalleled Discovery in the Art of Embalming, whereby the Original Form and almost the Natural Expression of Life are Retained, as Exemplified in the Appearance of Julia Pastrana*. (Published at 191, Piccadilly.)—*The Uses and Abuses of the Turkish Bath*. By Edward Houghton, M.D. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*List of the Vertebrated Animals Living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London*. (Longmans.)—*Handel: a Poem*. By H. S. Perkins. (Robert K. Burt.)—*The Messiah*. By G. F. Handel. (Boosey and Sons.)

## EDUCATION, THE DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, SCIENCE, &c.

### EDUCATION.

*A Simultaneous Method of Teaching to Read.* By GEORGE WHITE. London: Houlston and Wright. pp. 112.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK has long occupied a prominent position as a practical schoolmaster, and has been very successful in carrying out methods for the improvement of elementary education. He regards the methods of teaching the ordinary subjects of school routine as still unsatisfactory, and has, in the little book before us, embodied the results of his experience in his endeavours to improve that most essential subject—reading. After a brief review of the plans commonly pursued, he gives full and clear details of the simultaneous method. This seems as admirably calculated to secure attention as to facilitate progress. It also provides a safety-valve for the talking power of schoolboys—no mean point—and necessitates the active co-

operation of the teacher with the work of the class, thus placing very frequently the benefit of a good model for the pupils to imitate. We believe in all cases in which the method has been fairly tried that it has become not only very successful in lessening the tedious drudgery of overcoming the mechanical difficulties connected with the early stages of reading, but that it is also very suitable for facilitating good modulation and accuracy of articulation in the more advanced steps.

*A Letter to Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., on the Augmentation Grant, &c.* By J. LANGTON, B.A. (G. J. Stevenson.)—A temperate, but forcible statement of the schoolmaster's case against the Revised Code. The evil which called forth almost unanimous reprobation the writer shows still exists. While the framers of the Code deprecate interfering with managers, so as to secure suitable payments for schoolmasters, they imperatively demand that the schoolmaster should

give to the pupil teachers instruction for one hour and a half per day either before or after the usual school hours. If masters and managers are to be left to make their own arrangements as to payment, why not also as to the work to be done? If the extra labour be rendered imperative, why not the scale of remuneration? Surely the least that should be done would be to give schoolmasters a claim on the grants which they must earn, to the amount of their certificate of augmentation.

*First Steps to Reading: being an Introduction to the Graduated Series of English Reading Books.* By J. S. LAURIE. Parts I. and II. (Longmans.)—This is a plan to supersede the old method of teaching reading by means of spelling. Adopting a plan somewhat analogous to the Lancasterian method, which teaches words first and grammar afterwards, Mr. Laurie teaches the sound and significance of the words first, and then their orthography. There is much to be urged in favour of this method, and but little against it. Mr. Laurie's Reading Books are well and intelligibly arranged. The sounds of common words are impressed upon the memory by some simple narrative or nursery rhyme.

*Rhymes, Jingles, and Songs; with Music for Nurseries and Infant Schools.* Edited by J. S. LAURIE. (Longmans.)—This little collection of nursery rhymes contains many old friends and more (to us) new ones. "Polly put the Kettle on," "Hushaby Baby," "Ding, Dong Bell," "Hickory, Dickory, Dock," and "Little Jack Horner," were known to us before; but we must confess that our studies in nursery lore had not brought us to "Blowsey Boys Bubble O!" "Moss and his Mare," and the "Song of Bob O'Link."

*The Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Messengers of Mathematics. A Journal Supplied by Junior Mathematical Students, and Conducted by a Board of Editors composed of Members of the Three Universities.* (Macmillan.)—This is the third number of a publication which must be highly appreciated, and cannot but be exceedingly useful to those for whom it is intended. Its purpose is to supply a medium for the circulation of novelties and discoveries in mathematics, new problems, and new methods. If the number before us is a fair sample, the design is in hands very competent to carry it out.

**THE REVISED CODE.**—On the 9th of June the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education passed a minute to confirm the Code as last altered, and to provide for its coming into operation after June 30th in the present year. The annual grants, however, falling due up to June 1863 are to be paid up to this date. Whether this unfortunate Code, which has nauseated everybody for the last six months, will, even in its present mangled form, be carried out, is very problematical. Its most unjust features of breach of faith to certificated schoolmasters, and ruin to needy schools, yet remain. In answer to an inquiry from the Hon. A. Kinnaird, the information is curtly given by Mr. Lingen that teachers have no claim or "lien" on the grants under the Revised Code, unless their salary be less than three times the amount of the augmentation. Taking this at an average of 20*l.*, we learn that this gentleman regards a schoolmaster as being "sufficiently paid" by 60*l.* a year! We need no special prophetic power to prognosticate the pitiable condition to which elementary education must be reduced when schools are taught by persons who can obtain no higher remuneration than such a miserable pittance. One would have thought the wrong-headed officials would gladly have seized upon the opportunity of softening the hardest feature of this Code by directing that schoolmasters should have this first claim on the grants in lieu of their certificate augmentations, of which they have been so ruthlessly deprived. The contest from which Mr. Lowe and the *Times* retired with the discredit of defeat is in reality not a compromise but a temporary truce. The opponents of the Code are thoroughly dissatisfied with the measure as it stands. The public have for a time been wearied with the contention, and this apathy of exhaustion has been mistaken for acquiescence. But there are already murmurs loud and deep. The storm is only delayed, and will certainly burst forth as forcibly as before, if the Government vessel be not relieved of more than one unfortunate and mischievous Jonah.

The Senate of the University of London have given notice that the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws in this University, will be held tomorrow, the 24th inst., and that for honours in July. The subjects in which candidates will be tested are Stephens' "Blackstone," Dumont's "Bentham," principles of legislation, conveyancing, law of the courts of equity, law of the court of common law, Roman law, law of the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts. For the higher degree of Doctor of Laws, the examination will take place on the 10th and 11th July, the subjects, in addition to the above, being the principles of legislation applied to international law, civil law, criminal law, law of evidence, judicial organisation and procedure. The examination will be conducted by Mr. Herbert Broom, M.A., and Mr. Joseph Sharpe, LL.D.

**Oxford.**—On Saturday, the 11th day of October next, an election will take place at Exeter College to three scholarships and two exhibitions. Of the scholarships, two are of the value of 70*l.* per annum, and are open; to the third, value 50*l.* per annum, candidates born in the diocese of Exeter, or educated for the last three years therein, have a prior claim, if duly qualified. Of the exhibitions, one is open, and the other is, in the first instance, limited to the sons of clergymen resident in either of the counties of Devon or Somerset. In the election to one of the scholarships or exhibitions weight will be given to mathematical proficiency. Candidates for the scholarships and for the exhibitions are requested to call on the Rector, on Monday, the 6th of October, at seven p.m.; but previous application, by letter, should have been made by the candidates for the exhibitions.

The Vice-Chancellor has called the attention of members of the University to the following extracts from the regulations relative to admission, &c., &c., to the Military College at Sandhurst: "1. The admission will

be from 16 to 20 years for candidates for the infantry, and from 16 to 20 years for candidates for the cavalry. Students from the Universities will be admissible one year later in each case. 2. An examination prescribed. 3. Candidates who shall have passed an University examination will be admitted without the preceding examination, on such conditions as shall be defined from time to time by the Secretary of State for War."

The judges of the Stanhope Prize have signified to the Vice-Chancellor that they have awarded the same to Mr. Charles Martin, scholar of New College; *proxime accessit*, Mr. George Augustus Simcox, scholar of Corpus Christi College; subject—"Cardinal Wolsey."

There will be an election at Magdalen College, in October next, to seven demys and two exhibitions, of the value (room, rent, and tuition included) of 75*l.* per annum, and tenable for five years from the day of election. Of the demys five will be classical, one mathematical, and one in natural science. Of the exhibitions one will be classical, the other in natural science. No person will be eligible who shall have attained the age of 20 years, and (in the case of the mathematical and natural science demys and exhibitions) who is not sufficiently instructed in other subjects to matriculate as a member of the college. And no person will be ineligible or entitled to preference by reason of his place of birth. Testimonials of good conduct will be required, and a certificate of birth and baptism, which must be presented to the President on Monday, the 13th of October, between the hours of two and six p.m. The examination will commence on the following day. Candidates for the exhibitions will be required to show that they are in need of support at the University. Particulars relating to the examination in natural science and mathematics may be obtained by applying to the President or senior tutor.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Donizetti's opera, "Don Pasquale," brought Mme. Guerabella before the public in a character very different to that of "I Puritani." On the whole, we may say that Mme. Guerabella as a singer displays about the same amount of talent in opera buffa as in opera seria. Her version of the lively *Norina* is intelligent and *comme il faut* without exhibiting any salient points; but she seldom rises above a certain level of what may be termed propriety, and as rarely succeeds in endowing the character with any strong amount of individuality. In act ii., the soprano music in the celebrated quartet, was given with considerable force and clearness, and the loud encore which followed was amply merited on the part of all concerned. The duet with *Don Pasquale* (Sig. Zucchini) act iii., "Dove corre in tanta fretta," demands more stage vivacity than Mme. Guerabella at present possesses, and although the beautiful melody, *a due*, with Zucchini, "E doretta la lezione," was better sung than some other portions of the music in which she had concern, the effect was by no means so irresistible as we have been used to expect from singers who have essayed the part of *Norina*. Sig. Giuglini, as *Ernesto*, was careful and painstaking, and he gave the popular serenade, "Com'è gentil," with so much sweetness that he was compelled to repeat it. M. Gassier's *Dr. Malatesta* was excellent. Quite at home in the part, he took advantage of every musical point. In the duet with Zucchini, "Cheto, cheto," he was justly entitled to his share of the applause and the recall. Sig. Zucchini is certainly the best *Don Pasquale* who has trod the metropolitan boards since the days of Lablache. This is no small praise. His portraiture of the unfortunate old beau is one of those excursions into the regions of the ridiculous which very few are able to take with advantage. How cautiously does he conduct the ceremonies of courtship; how timidly does he touch the hand of his bride; how critical his alarm when he sees the letter on the floor which he cannot stoop to lift; how severe his agony when he finds himself in the toils of an extravagant and indomitable virago. These and many other curious points abounding with fun and humour told with immense effect. The performance throughout was highly applauded, and all the principals were recalled when the curtain fell upon the third act.

**HANDEL FESTIVAL.**—Saturday, the rehearsal day at the Crystal Palace, was attended by so great a concourse of visitors, that it partook largely of the character of a regular performance. Certainly, a more imposing spectacle than that presented by the central transept during the time this preliminary meeting lasted, it is not easy to describe. The whole of the vast area, together with portions of the galleries abutting upon the transept, were filled with visitors; the ladies clad in rainbow hues, and the lords of the creation in the fancy costumes of summer, imparted no inconsiderable degree of lightness to the solid blocks of humanity alphabetically parcelled out upon the floor. The orchestra, rising tier above tier, with singers and players upon instruments of all sorts, presented a modern illustration of a section of the Coliseum of old Rome; the building itself, too, with its flowers, statues, and bright glass covering, lent not a little towards completing the picture. The orchestra included 3635 persons, viz., 3120 chorists and 515 instrumentalists. Of these the trebles and altos numbered 810 each; the tenors and basses 750 each. From an official document we learn that several interesting acoustical experiments had from time to time been made in order to test the effect of the arched roof thrown over the orchestra, and that these experiments had all but guaranteed a certainty of the desired success. The central point of the arch is hardly a hundred feet in height; the entire orchestra with the span beyond it, as far as the intersection of the great transept with the nave, is solidly roofed in, and consequently the performers are stationed within a concave enclosure. Notwithstanding the care, labour, thought, and outlay upon the much-desired achievement, we question gravely if the object has been gained, viz., that of making the transept of the Palace a good situation for sound. It is quite certain that from three thousand extended throats, and the din of five hundred instruments, aided by the giant strength of the organ, sounds have been called into existence which must fall somewhere. The question is where. Certainly not in the press gallery, and equally certain is it—as far as our own experience goes—they do not journey far right or left of the conductor's chair. As it would be manifestly unfair to criticise what is really the promise, and not the performance, it is sufficient to note



that, with the exception of the music denominated "grand selections," which was given in its entirety, only a few choruses were tried. From the "Messiah," the "Hallelujah," and the pendant fugue to "Worthy is the Lord," and the double choruses from "Israel." Mme. Tietjens sang the last air in "Samson," "Let the bright Seraphim," so magnificently that an encore resulted. Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Belletti, and Mr. Weiss, each essayed a small portion of the music assigned them, but the voice of Tietjens alone reached with distinctness the ears of those in the situations specially referred to.

The "Messiah" day (Monday) drew, as might have been expected, a very large concourse to Sydenham. The lovely weather gave peculiar attractiveness to it, and long before an individual was seen in the orchestra, nearly every seat had its occupant. We are not about to enter upon a long history of the oratorio in question—a composition now so well known among the lovers of sacred music, that it becomes quite unnecessary to say a word in reference to its merits. The principal vocalists selected to illustrate the prominent features of the oratorio were Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Parepa, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Belletti, and Mr. Weiss. It appears from a circular distributed about the building, that Mr. Santley was originally engaged to divide the bass music with Sig. Belletti, but, "owing to unforeseen circumstances," the committee prevailed upon Mr. Weiss to undertake his share of the duty. What the "unforeseen circumstances" were must be left to conjecture, as Mr. Santley sang at St. James's Hall the same evening. Mr. Reeves was in splendid voice, and from the quiet opening recitative, up to the strong air "Thou shalt dash them in pieces," he sang with a brilliancy and power that evoked hearty manifestations of delight. The soprano music was shared by Mlle. Tietjens and Miss Parepa. To the great German vocalist was allotted "How beautiful are the feet," and the opening aria of the third part, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Miss Parepa had the florid "Rejoice greatly." Belletti shone as usual among "The people that walked in darkness," yet by no means eclipsing Mr. Weiss in "Why do the nations." The choruses were sung not only with a power of sound but with a nicety of expression that cannot be too highly extolled. Persons present, 15,694. The "Grand Selections" on Wednesday consisted chiefly of pieces but rarely heard. Thus the inconceivably grand solo and chorus from St. Cecilia, "As from the power of sacred lays;" then the chorus from "Saul," constructed on a ground bass, "Envy, eldest born of hell;" the laughing chorus from "L'Allegro," &c. Mlle. Tietjens, in "O had I Jubal's lyre" (Joshua), and "Let the bright seraphim," experienced a renewal of the honours conferred on her at the rehearsal in these popular solos. Mme. Sainton-Dolby's music was drawn chiefly from "Solomon" and "Sampson"—two names suggestive of indomitable mental and physical strength. Mr. Reeves and Sig. Belletti had also solo parts to sustain. When we have said that the entire performance of Wednesday was from beginning to end all but faultless, facts are embodied which would gain but little force by the polish of words. Persons present, 14,143.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—All things considered, there has been no concert more thoroughly interesting given by the Director of the Monday Popular series than that of the 23rd inst. No doubt the especial object of the concert had much to do with the influencing of so large a portion of the visitors occupying double-priced seats. It is quite certain, for a less cause than that of pure benevolence, such a band of instrumentalists could not have been yoked to play the music in the order of distribution allotted. The company were evidently charmed with the programme and with the manner in which the items comprised in it were interpreted. Schubert's trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, had Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Laub, and Herr Davidoff for its exponents. With three such artists it is quite needless to advance a remark upon the subject of execution. Beethoven's sonata, for pianoforte alone (Op. 10), is regarded as the most vigorous, if not the most absolutely beautiful of the sonatas belonging to the period of which it may be said to form the climax. Beethoven, entirely ignoring previous models even of his own creation, herein gives the rein to his Pegasus and soars far beyond the reach of ordinary thinkers. This sonata, in D, is better known than some others from the same fertile brain, and as it was minutely examined when played a short time since at the same place by the same inimitable expositor (Mr. Charles Hallé), critical analysis may now be dispensed with. A quartet in B flat, played for the first time in this country, was, of course the leading feature of the entertainment; more especially as it proceeded from the pen of Herr Ernst, for whose benefit the concert itself was promoted. Although not thoroughly qualified in pronouncing an opinion upon a work of such a kind from a single hearing, we hesitate not in declaring it to be full of merit. In a quartet, when constructed with the skill that distinguishes the real master from the empiric, there is very frequently more learning, mind, and fancy than in many of the operatic works which achieve for its author a world-wide reputation, and often something surpassing fame in substantiality. Chamber works appeal chiefly to the musically-educated, and hence the knowledge of their existence is, comparatively speaking, limited, and their intrinsic excellencies bounded within narrow circles. In addition to the quartet of the gifted violinist, his "Elegie" ("sur la mort d'un objet chère") for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, was introduced, and with unqualified success. Although placed low in the programme, such is the beauty of the composition itself, and so exquisitely was it performed by Herr Joachim and Mr. Benedict, that a repetition could not be avoided. Nor ought the "Pensées Fugitives," the conjoint work of Stephen Heller and Ernst, to be overlooked as perfect gems in their way. The vocalists were Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Santley. In the Ernst quartet, Herr Joachim played first violin, Herr Laub second, Molière took the viola part, and Sig. Piatti the violoncello. It is gratifying to learn that the philanthropic exertions brought to bear on this event have realised rather more than 300*l*.

The concord of sweet sounds which began early in the week at St. James's Hall, has been kept up without flagging through nearly the whole of it. The Musical Union gave another *matinée* on Tuesday, to a highly distinguished circle. Beethoven's quintet in C, and other music of a similar kind, supported by the Joachim party, with pianoforte solos

by Herr Jaell, were the chief ingredients in the programme. In the evening a concert, purporting to aid the fund of the North Middlesex Volunteers, "under distinguished patronage," took place. The bill of fare was lengthy, and the dishes so various as to suit all tastes. On the following morning, the "Sisters Marchisio" and a bright array of celebrities attracted a fashionable auditory to the entertainment provided by Herr Kuhe. When evening came, Mr. Leslie and his admirably trained choir—on this occasion considerably enlarged—had possession of the orchestra, and sang several of their choicest pieces. Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm appeared to make a great impression on the minds of foreigners, who formed a large portion of the auditory. Nor was Friday a *dies non* in a musical sense. Mr. Charles Hallé completed the week with another of his popular Beethoven recitals. The celebrated sonata *appassionata* (Op. 57), was played and illustrated in his unsurpassably impressive manner. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington stood alone as the vocalist. At Collard's Rooms Mr. Aptommas continued on Tuesday his series of harp recitals, in which he was strongly supported by several eminent brothers of the string. Mlle. Parepa introduced a new (?) cavatina, entitled "The Spirit of Spring." Miss Lizzie Wilson's annual concert on the same day at the Hanover-square Rooms showed that the *bénéficiaire* has a large circle of friends. At Mrs. Merest's grand morning concert which took place on Tuesday in the picture gallery of Dudley House, Mlle. Tietjens was the principal vocalist. Herr Lidel, Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Charles Hallé contributed largely to the instrumental portion of the entertainment. Mr. Arthur Napoleon's morning concert at the Queen's Rooms, Hanover-square, was noteworthy for the introduction of a new singer of Continental repute—Mme. Letizia Borgognoni. The great success of "Elijah" at Exeter Hall last week by the National Choral Society suggested another performance at the same place on Thursday. Lastly, we would observe that Sig. Campagna's annual *matinée musicale*, which by permission of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer took place at Carlton-house-terrace, was remarkable for the influential character of the company and the wealth both of vocal and instrumental talent provided for the occasion.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

M. VIVIER, the celebrated player on the horn, will make his first appearance in London, after a long absence, at Mr. Benedict's Grand Concert at St. James's Hall, on Monday.

The Society of British Musicians announce Mr. Ebenezer Prout and Mr. Edward Perry the successful competitors for the quartet prizes.

Mention is made of the sale of the Salle Ventadour (Italian Opera), Paris, for 2,700,000 francs. The house is to be removed to the Boulevard Malesherbes.

The concerts at Northumberland House have been indefinitely postponed, in consequence of the death of a near relative of the Duchess of Northumberland.

Notwithstanding the great number of artistes already at Her Majesty's Theatre, an engagement has just been effected with Miss Louisa Pyne, who will appear in the course of a week as *Zerlina* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

A foreign nobleman, the Marquis d'Aguilar, who has finished his musical studies at the Conservatoire of Paris, and whose talents are well known to many select circles in that city, is about to make his appearance in public.

The three oratorio performances lately given by Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt, after deducting the expenses (in each case amounting to about 500*l*.) produced the following results: "Messiah," May 14, 900*l*. 12*s*.; "The Creation," May 28, 899*l*. 14*s*. 7*d*.; "Elijah," June 4, 883*l*. 16*s*. 2*d*.; total, 2684*l*. 2*s*. 9*d*. The net proceeds of "The Creation" have been paid to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton; of the "Elijah," divided equally between the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain and the Royal Society of Female Musicians. The profits arising from the performance of "The Messiah" were distributed in the following manner: To the Rector of Lambeth Society for the Employment of Needlewomen, 150*l*.; to Miss Stanley's Establishment, York-street, Westminster, 150*l*.; and 600*l*. 12*s*. to the Institution for Needlewomen, Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

MR. SIDNEY COOPER, A.R.A., it appears, is another of the English painters who has reason to be dissatisfied with the pictures selected to represent his particular talent in the great International gallery. The large picture by Mr. Cooper, exhibited at the Academy some years back, representing the charge and defeat of Kellerman's cavalry brigade at Waterloo, was refused a place; for the absurd reason that it might give offence to the Frenchmen. As well might the battle pieces of the French school have been excluded because they were not precisely agreeable to the Russians. The French have got beyond this ridiculous point, it is to be hoped, and we feel sure they would have looked at the picture purely from an artistic point of view. And, comparing our painter's battle-piece with the works of the French school, whose taste is so decidedly in that particular line, and who are always kept well employed by their Government in ministering to the popular feeling of France for "la gloire," there could be little cause for annoyance to our neighbours, for the artistic merits are very decidedly on the side of the French painters. We find Mr. Cooper's picture, which is now to be seen at the Egyptian Hall, deficient in those forcible scenes of hand to hand combat and general *mêlée* which are so striking in the French works of the kind. It is true that here and there a couple of antagonists appear pitted against each other, but the actual struggle is not depicted. In fact, the painter displays his facility for drawing galloping horses; and the distant bodies of cavalry coming over the top of the hill at full charge are picturesquely touched in; but the foreground groups are feebly conceived, and the spectator feels that he is viewing the scene from a distance. The general tone of the picture is too dark for midday, the time at which this part of the action occurred. This may be the result of change in the colours; but so it is, that the colouring appears heavy and low in tone. Mr. Sidney Cooper's *forte* is in

those quiet sunny meadows with cattle browsing or chewing the cud in pastoral luxury. Of these there is, as he justly complains, no example in the International. In his letter to Mr. Boodle, the exhibitor of this battle-piece, he expresses his great disappointment and regret at this, and explains that another important work named by him as his best—"The Snow Drift"—also got excluded from the Exhibition by the foolish mistake of sending a small water-colour drawing with the same title. This picture is also to be seen at the Egyptian Hall, and of its kind may be pronounced a work of unique excellence, which certainly should have been in the International. Thus, out of four pictures named by the artist, only one—"The Mills"—was hung in the Exhibition—a piece of mismanagement which deserves to be made known. The Waterloo picture, however, is extremely interesting to those who delight in becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the points in one of the decisive battles of the world. The charge was met and defeated by Somerset's brigade, consisting of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, 1st Dragoon Guards, and the Blues. The nature of the ground, with the ploughed land and trampled corn-fields, seems to have been especially well studied by the artist, and this is really a point of importance in every battle-piece.

The exhibition has brought out some portraits but little known to the general public. There are two small circular miniatures of Jane Seymour and Catherine Parr, lent by Mr. J. C. Dent, which are certainly by the hand of Holbein. In Mr. Addington's collection there is also a remarkably interesting miniature of Shakespeare, which represents him not bald, but with a little hair still left at the top of the forehead. The hair and beard are light auburn, and in the general form of the features it resembles the Chandos portrait. Lady Willoughby d'Eresby's collection has several of great beauty, particularly a signed miniature by Holbein of the Duchess of Suffolk, and one of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. One in oil of Col. Hutchinson, the regicide, is also a very admirable work of the time. The Duke of Hamilton contributes some exquisite examples by Vandyck, Hilliard, Cooper, and Hoskins, with a set of six Kings and Queens of France by Janet, full lengths in miniature. Mr. H. Danby Seymour's collection is noticeable particularly for the portrait of Drake by Hilliard, and Inigo Jones by Cooper.

Amongst the numerous works valuable as portraits there are some extremely fine as works of art. Next to the Holbeins and Hilliards in perfection should be placed two miniatures in oil, dated 1555, but not bearing the name of any artist, belonging to Mr. Sneyd. The Regent Murray, by Sir Antonio More, is a very choice example of this great master of portraiture, by whom also there is another work—a portrait of Queen Mary—in the collection of Mr. Addington. A miniature in 3/4-face of Earl Pembroke, by Cooper, as showing rare artistic feeling, is an example not to be overlooked.

Nothing is yet said as to the closing of the Exhibition, and we hope it may remain open for some months. At the same time, every one interested in works of art should take advantage of this rare opportunity.

The excavations at Rome, on the Palatine Mount, are proceeding. The vast accumulation of rubbish which covered the pavement of the building erroneously supposed to have been the Temple of Apollo, has been removed, and access is now obtained to the range of vaulted rooms below. Several objects of great artistic interest have been found in these rooms: among others, a pavement composed of rich marbles, columns with elaborately-carved capitals, and remarkable thyrsi.

In the Great Exhibition is the statue of a large dog, sculptured by the lady of Henry Heathcote, Esq. (brother of Lord Aveland, of North Luffenham, Rutland), which has attracted much notice. The animal is represented lying down, with its fore legs extended and the head erect, the pose altogether being very natural. The statue is modelled from a favourite living dog in Mrs. Heathcote's possession; and it will be found amongst the objects in terra cotta, exhibited by Mr. Blashfield, of Stamford.

A permanent Universal Exhibition at Paris is now quite certain to be established, and though Commerce is to form the principal element in it, yet Art is expressly mentioned, and English artists of every kind will be able to exhibit their works and to sell them on the spot if they please, a rent charge being made of 1*l.* per square metre per annum. The metre is rather more than the yard—five square metres being equal to six square yards, English. The duties are to be paid only in case the objects are sold, and according to the tariffs existing at the time of sale. The building is to be 1000 feet long, longer than the present International building, with an immense central dome, 345 feet high. It is, we believe, already commenced, and is intended to be ready for receiving its contents in the summer of 1863. Sir Joseph Paxton has been mentioned as the architect engaged in the general design.

The special exhibition of works of art at South Kensington has assumed a more intelligible arrangement since we noticed it, and we are glad to see an official notification stating that a catalogue was in preparation. So very important a collection, and one of such unprecedented excellence, would be comparatively valueless without a descriptive catalogue. Indeed, this is not only an indispensable requisite in order to make the objects fairly intelligible to the majority of persons, but it becomes a valuable and most useful record of the Art-treasures of the country which would otherwise be only very dimly remembered. The most noticeable improvement at the Exhibition is in the naming of the miniatures, all of which have now the names of the celebrated personages represented, with the names and dates as often as these are known. The collection is now one of the greatest possible interest, both historically and artistically, for it enables us to follow the art of miniature painting from the time of Holbein and Hilliard to Ross of the present day. The collection of the Duke of Buccleuch is, perhaps, the most important, as it contains so many fine examples of Holbein and Hilliard; a portrait of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Edward VI., Sir Walter Raleigh, and many celebrities of that day, and an equally beautiful and rare assemblage of the great men of the Commonwealth—Cromwell, Hampden, Sydney, Milton, Selden—all evidently from the life, and giving a wonderfully impressive idea of the force of character of these men of great deeds. These are by Samuel Cooper and Thomas Flatman chiefly. Of this period, however, there are some very remarkable miniatures in oil, by Vandyck,

in the Earl of Derby's Cabinet; and one of Ben Jonson, a small work in oil, of unique interest. The miniatures of the time of Charles II., in the Duke of Buccleuch's, are also some of the best shown. Here are Pepys, Cowley, Suckling. Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" the Countess of Huntingdon, the founder of the religious sect of that name; Pope, a miniature by Bernard Lens, are also admirable portraits.

A fine window in stained glass has just been placed at the east end of Islip church, in memory of the late Dr. Buckland and his wife. It consists of three main bays, surmounted by a bold compartment of six points, with other tracery. The design consists of the vine, distributed over the whole surface of the window, so ingeniously intertwined as to form in its several interlacings the various panels which contain the subjects. The main panels in the chief bay contain the "Annunciation," "Crucifixion," and "Noli me tangere." The chief tracery light has the "Ascension of our Lord," the minor ones the "Pelican in her piety," and the "Holy Lamb," &c.; the other panels have angels, monograms, and other several subjects, mostly referring to the passion of our Lord; all these are enclosed by various and beautiful borderings. At the bottom of all runs the following inscription: "Memorial to William Buckland, D.D., Dean of Westminster, died Aug. 14th, 1856, and Mary, his wife, died Nov. 30th, 1857. By their children." The window has been designed and executed by Messrs. Warrington, of London.

Two important collections of engravings were sold by Messrs. Sotherton and Wilkinson during the week. The one was selected from the cabinets of Signor Poggiali, of Leghorn; Signor Curti, of Milan; Doctor Gianelli, and other collectors. The following were some of the finest specimens: Desnoyers—La Belle Jardinière, brilliant and rare proof before letters, with full margin; 29*l.* Longhi—The Magdalen, after Correggio, fine and rare artist's proof before the arms or any letters; 30*l.* Longhi—The Marriage of the Virgin, after Raphael, superb proof, with the verses only, in fine condition, with full margin; 28*l.* Longhi—The Marriage of the Virgin, another in a similar fine state; 32*l.* The Holy Family, after Raphael, from the picture in the Museum at Naples, the original drawing in chalk, exquisitely executed by Longhi, for the purpose of his engraving; 25*l.* Morghen—The Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci, artist's proof, with white plate and entire margin; 275*l.* Morghen—Aurora, after Guido, a superb proof of the greatest rarity, with fine margin and before any letters, the artists' names being neatly written by Raphael Morghen himself, unique; 110*l.* 5*s.* Morghen—The Transfiguration, brilliant proof, with full margin; 24*l.* Morghen—Parce Somnum Rumpere, after Titian, artist's proof before any letters, exceedingly rare in this state and condition; 32*l.* Müller—St. John, after Domenichino, with the date 1808, fine and rare proof, with full margin; 22*l.* 10*s.* Müller—Madonna di S. Sisto, after Raphael, fine and rare proof; 56*l.* Schiavone—The Assumption, artist's proof before any letters, or arms, with remark, in the finest condition, and very rare; 30*l.* Strange—Charles I. with the Horse, after Van Dyck; Henrietta Maria, after the same, the companion, proofs before any letters, in the finest possible states and condition, with full margin; 34*l.* Toschi—Lo Spasimo, after Raphael, brilliant artist's proof on India paper before any letters, with remark, in finest condition; 35*l.* Toschi—The Correggio Frescoes; 34 plates in 17 parts, all published; 22*l.* 10*s.* Wille—L'Instruction Paternelle, after Terburg, proof before border, arms, or any letters, fine and very rare (55); 24*l.* 15*s.* The other sale was of the late Dr. Hawtrey's collection, in which there were a few choice works, which sold at the following prices: Toschi—Lo Spasimo di Sicilia, after Raffaele; 5*l.* 10*s.* Landseer—Bolton Abbey, by Cousins, a magnificent proof before letters of this distinguished *chef d'œuvre*; 24*l.* 10*s.*

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The 108th anniversary dinner of this society took place on Tuesday last, at the Great Exhibition Building, South Kensington. Covers were laid for 430, and the demand for tickets was so great that for some days previously the Secretary had to announce that no more could possibly be issued. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided, and in proposing "Prosperity to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures," highly eulogised the past labours and present position of the society.

**BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.**—June 11; Dr. James Copland, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. J. H. Heal, Esq., of Finchley, and Samuel Heywood, Esq., of College Green, Bristol, were elected associates. Various presents to the library were announced. Mr. Gunston exhibited various relics lately obtained from the bed of the river Fleet. Among them were curious specimens of early penknives, daggers, dagger-sheaths, carved bone knife-handles, one representing a female bearing a striking resemblance to Catherine de Medicis, wife of Henry II. of France. One of the knife-blades had an inscription, which seems to read—"Leave to deleyte in me hand of [a hand holding a flagon] The Drunken need and want, Credyt Krye An? 1566?" The Rev. E. Kell exhibited a *scatula* found in St. Mary's-road, Southampton, where other Saxon coins have been obtained, tending to substantiate the opinion of the extension of the ancient site of the town to this port. Mr. Kell also exhibited some glass found among the debris of the muniment room of Netley Abbey, where the windows were of painted glass of the fifteenth century. Mr. S. J. Mackie read an interesting notice on some bronze and bone relics found in Heathery Burn Cave in Weardale, Durham. A discussion took place as to the period to which the instruments were to be assigned, some regarding them as Celtic, others Roman. The subject will be fully inquired into and published in the Journal. Mr. Vere Irving read a paper "On Early Celtic Poems," which will also appear in the Journal. The Rev. Mr. Ridgway read a paper "On the Proceedings of Charles II. with the Pendrill Family," and exhibited a ring given by the monarch to the Pendrills. The association then adjourned over to November, but it was announced that a congress would be held at Leicester in August, the programme for which is in preparation; and on this occasion the Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Northamptonshire societies will co-operate, taking part in the excursions, reading papers, and discussions.



**ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.**—June 21. At an evening general meeting of the society, held this day, Lord Strangford, President, in the chair, the Rev. S. Beal was elected a resident member; and, besides two other Chinese MSS. of great interest, presented to the library of the society a copy of the Chinese version of the Vajrachidika Sutra, a Buddhistical devotional work, the text being wholly embroidered on satin. It was originally offered by a devout Chinese lady to a temple in Canton, where it was found, with the other books presented, on the occupation of that city by our troops. A discourse on the Tae-ping rebellion was delivered by Dr. Macgowan, formerly a medical missionary in China, who was on the whole inclined to look favourably on the general objects of the leaders of the rebellion, though he deplored the existence of several of its attendant phenomena. He gave a sketch of the history of China from the mythological period downwards, showing that rebellion and revolution are normal conditions in that great empire, the average duration of a dynasty being about 170 years, though the present Manchu dynasty has occupied the throne for 218 years; and has consequently arrived at the stage of decrepitude and general corruption which invites the revolutionary attempts of enterprising and patriotic spirits. Therefore, if the present rebellion should eventually be suppressed, others will be sure to follow it until the foreign intrusive dynasty be ultimately expelled—a result much to be desiderated by all friends of progress, as the native intellect of China is now borne down and suppressed by the tyranny of the Tartar rule. The doctor spoke highly of the organisation of the clans in China, which bind together the people into large bodies. Sir J. Bowring and Sir H. Parkes offered remarks on the atrocities committed by these rebels, and on the blasphemous nature of the assertions made by their leaders. The former gentleman gave as an instance of the little favour with which the movement was beheld by the respectable classes in China, that of the 100,000 victims of Yeh's administration, 70,000 were rebels delivered into his hands by the people. Sir H. Parkes read translations of extracts from various Chinese State Papers, published at intervals during the present century, showing the utter disorganisation prevailing during the whole period in the police and military branches of the public service. The clans of China, about 400 in number, are remarkable social phenomena, as the inhabitants of considerable towns frequently bear the same surname throughout. J. White, Esq., M.P., spoke to the experience he had had of the good faith and integrity of the merchants of China, and to the power of combination the Chinese have shown in the execution of great public works. Col. Sykes, M.P., pointed out that the wholesale massacres and devastation ascribed to the Tae-pings were first really practised against them by the Imperial forces, and are still for the most part grossly exaggerated. The town of Hankow, though four times occupied by the Tae-pings, is now represented as the emporium of commerce; and a letter, written in March from Ningpo, states that the surrounding country was in a flourishing condition, the peasantry actively engaged in their agricultural pursuits; while the writer, with some friends, visiting the city immediately after its capture by the Tae-pings, found but four corpses in the course of an excursion of several hours' duration.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—The session of the evening meetings at the Royal Institution was brought to a close on Friday, the 20th, with a lecture by Professor Faraday, and for at least half-an-hour before its commencement all the seats, with the exception of those set apart for the members, were filled. The subject of the lecture—"Gas Glass-house Furnaces, &c."—was not very attractive, but the lecturer himself was the attraction, and it must have been highly gratifying to the venerable philosopher to have witnessed this strong muster of his admiring friends, to see and hear him once more on the scene of his triumphs in science. He commenced by describing, with nearly the wonted enthusiasm of former days, the glowing intensity of the mass of flame in a glass furnace, which resembles the body of the sun, though on closer inspection it is seen to be composed of innumerable tongues of flame. The immense mass of heat thus produced, the great cleanliness of such a furnace compared with those in which incandescent solid fuel is consumed, and the facility with which it is managed by a single man, were noticed as important improvements in the construction and management of glass furnaces. It is not, however, by the combustion of ordinary coal gas that these effects are produced. Solid fuel is in effect employed, but the gases evolved during an early stage of its combustion are consumed with an additional supply of oxygen in that part of the furnace where the work is done. Professor Faraday said the subject had been impressed on his mind during a recent visit to Birmingham, by the inspection of Mr. Siemens's regenerative gas furnace, where he had witnessed the processes of glass manufacture carried on with a facility, cleanliness, and completeness that were astonishing. A large diagram representing the construction of the furnace was exhibited, from which it appeared that the solid fuel was allowed to descend an incline to the hearth, composed of fire-bricks, where it was gradually consumed; about two or three feet thick of fuel being kept burning. The gases evolved rise through the descending coal, and a large portion become converted into carbonic oxide, and the gases are then conducted into the chambers of the furnace, and a supply of air being admitted, they are burned with great effect and with little waste of heat. There is, indeed, so little waste of heat in these furnaces, that the temperature at the chimney-top does not exceed 300 degrees of Fahrenheit, the economy of heat being effected by the "regenerative" arrangement, by which means the heat of the flame is first applied to heat the fire-brick air passages, and in the latter the admitted air becomes highly heated before it inflames the gas, on the same principle as a respirator, which, having become heated by the breath exhaled, afterwards imparts heat to the air that is inhaled. Assuming 4000 degrees of heat to be generated by the perfect combustion of carbon, it is calculated that by the regenerative process 3000 degrees of heat are returned. In the furnace described there were four fire-chambers, containing eight pots of melted glass each, and one pot holds about two tons of molten glass. The pots are not closed, as is necessary in ordinary glass furnaces, to exclude ashes and dirt, for the furnaces heated with gas are free from such impurities, and great facility is thus given for working the glass, the quality of which is also greatly improved by the greater command which the workmen possess of regulating the heat. In the conclusion of his lecture Professor Faraday

alluded, in an affecting manner, to his increasing loss of memory. There was a time, he observed, when he inclined to think that memory was a faculty of secondary order; but he now feels its great importance, and the deficiency of that power, he said, would prevent him from again bringing before them anything that was new, for he was often unable to recollect even his own previous researches, and he could no longer trust himself to lecture without notes.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—Friday, May 16; Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., V.-P., in the chair. John Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S., "On the Iron Walls of Old England."—It was not the first time the speaker had been allowed the honour of expounding such truths as had been the object of his special study, but he had never treated on one of so great national importance. He was somewhat rash, perhaps, in accepting from the managers the title of this address—rash, because the subject was then in a state of transition. It was even worse now, for it had come to what geologists had called a "slip;" he might almost say he found himself at "fault." What he had to say now was as different as possible from what he should have said when he made the promise. Six or eight months ago he should have met here a formidable phalanx of adversaries—amongst them nearly all the naval officers—arrayed against him as the advocate of iron ships of war, and he should have had to argue every point as he proceeded. But unfortunately now we were all one side; the pugilistic encounter which might then have entertained his audience could not come off. Twelve months ago he had written a pamphlet showing that the end of wooden men-of-war was at hand, and that it was a sin and a shame to send our sailors to sea in them; but the authorities of that day brought their guns to bear upon him and completely demolished him. Since then, however, he had got up again; and his heterodoxy had become orthodoxy, and he thought there would be no opponent of "iron walls" for the future. About the beginning of the year we were on the eve of war with a people who, whatever their faults, have never hesitated to adopt for war the fittest weapons—who, long before rifles were introduced into our army, were celebrated for their use of them and for their manufacture—to whom we are indebted for the revolvers we found so useful in India, and which, whether they invented them or not, they brought to perfection. That people excelled also in ships; for while the English people, priding themselves on the beautiful "wave lines" on which their fast steamers were built, were slow to perceive the advantage of the same lines for sailing ships; the Americans adopted them for their sailing vessels, and came over and beat our fleetest yachts in our own waters. It was the Americans, too, who first built ships of large size, and carried off our best freights in their large wave-line clippers. When going to war with such a powerful nation it became necessary to take stock of our fighting material. The Government did take stock of your fleet; and the extent of your navy, fit for a naval battle, at the beginning of the present year—as announced in a powerful leader in the *Times*—was one ship of the line. At the present moment we have two ships of the line fit for service, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*, and no more. This serious point is no longer a matter of speculation. It is now universally accepted as a fact—and accepted by us on a very small naval engagement in American waters, the contest of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*—that an iron vessel of war is better than a wooden one; while the battle of the *Merrimac* with the *Congress* and *Cumberland* has settled the point in dispute eight or nine months ago, viz., that a wooden vessel could not sustain the attack of a ship of war in iron armour. Sir John Hay, the chairman of the naval commission, is quoted in an excellent article in the *Quarterly Review*, as using this expression: "The man who goes into action in a wooden vessel is a fool, and the man who sends him there is a villain." Let us now inquire how this revolution has come about. How is it that our brave sailors ought no longer to face our enemies from behind our wooden walls? This revolution has been chiefly brought about by the introduction in artillery of horizontal shell-firing. A certain General Paixhans, a Frenchman, contributed more than any one else to this result. He made cannon of eight to ten inches bore, by which explosive shells—which previously had been fired up in the air and had to come down again upon their object—could then be fired straight at the mark, especially at a wooden ship, which was as good a target as an enemy could possibly desire. This horizontal firing was for a long time a favourite idea with artilleryists; but they had very little opportunity of trying it in practical war. Sir Howard Douglas, speaking of its effects, says, "a shell exploding between decks acts in every direction; under the deck it would blow up all above it; on deck it would make a prodigious breach below it, at the same time that it would act laterally." The shell which accidentally exploded in the *Medea*, on the lower deck, killed the bombardier and several of the crew, knocked down all the bulkheads, and threw the whole squadron into consternation; and the like effect was to be expected from an enemy's shell lodged before its explosion had taken place. The first experiment on a large scale in actual war was at the commencement of the Russian war. The Russian fleet, sneaking about the Black Sea, put into Sinope, and in a very short space of one morning sank and burnt the Turkish squadron. This battle was the entire effect of horizontal shell-firing. The true nature of this horizontal fire has had another illustration. You were all astonished, and wanted to know why Sir Charles Napier did not take Cronstadt, and that our other fleet did not take Sebastopol. It was well known to professional men then why we did not, and there is now no reason why the secret should be kept. Our enemies know it, so why not our friends? Our sailors were not fools enough to stand to their guns in wooden ships exposed to horizontal shell-firing. The speaker had read a letter from Lord Dundonald, one of the bravest sailors that ever trod the deck, written by him to Napier off Cronstadt, in which he expresses the greatest apprehension that Sir Charles would be goaded on to try the attack with what he called combustible ships. We tried Sebastopol—or rather we tried to "make-believe." We drew up our fleet a great way off, and one or two brave sailors did go in closer. But the Russian gunners were trained to horizontal shell-firing, and they soon found out it was best to be farther off. The admiral was to be considered the wisest man on board the fleet, for he anchored his ship the farthest off. Those ships that ventured in were rendered by these shells incapable of continuing the action, and it is not

now considered a disgrace to those sailors to say that after three shells had exploded in one ship it was not possible to find men "fools" enough to stand to the guns. "Now, you know why we did not take Cronstadt; and why you did not know it sooner was because the Government did not wish you should fail to believe in the wooden walls. At last, however, the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* have let out the secret, and I am here to tell you the whole truth." It need not be said that those shells at Sinope and Sebastopol were not the perfect weapons we have now—the Armstrong shells are much more precise, and will scatter greater destruction around them. How much more I may not tell. Attention has, therefore, since 1854 till now, been strongly directed to inventions for protecting ships from the effects of shells—and shot also, but chiefly shells. Men will stand against shot, but not against shells; they will run the risk of being hit, but will not face the certainty of being blown up. The invention of iron armour took place fifty or sixty years ago. He was not prepared to name the first inventor; but long before we thought of using it in our navy, Mr. R. L. Stevens, a celebrated engineer, of New York, the builder of some of the fastest steam-vessels on the Hudson, was, he thought, the inventor. Certainly Mr. Stevens, between 1845 and 1850, gave him a full account of experiments made in America, partly at his own and partly at the State's expense, and found that six inches thickness of iron-plate armour was sufficient to resist every shot and shell of that day. In 1845, he (Mr. Stevens) proposed to the American Government to construct an iron-plated ship, and in 1854 the ship was begun. This ship is in progress, but not yet finished. Mr. Stevens is, therefore, the inventor of iron armour; but no doubt the first man who applied it practically for warfare was the Emperor of the French. In 1854 he engaged in the Russian war, and being a great artist, he felt deeply what his fleet could not do in the Black Sea, and we could not do in the Baltic, and so he put his wise head to work to find out what could be done. In 1854 the Emperor built some floating batteries—four or five; we simply took his design, and made five or six. He had called the introduction of iron-armour ships Stevens's and the Emperor's; but something he laid claim to for ourselves, Stevens used thin flat plates one over the other; but Mr. Lloyd, of the Admiralty, being consulted at that time, did express his opinion that solid 4½-inch plates would be more effectual than the six inches of thickness in a congeries of plates. Mr. Lloyd has some of the merit as well as the Emperor for the adoption of this kind of armour. The speaker exhibited a model of the first iron batteries. The form, he said, was not very handsome; in short, they were not only not good sea-boats, but in a sea good for nothing. They did, however, in smooth water, some good work; at least three of the French Emperor's did. We never got so far. They went to the Black Sea—to Kinburn; and when they came back they were covered with the marks of shot, but not one of them was seriously damaged. This proved the value of these coated vessels, and so convinced the Emperor, that he wisely determined the fleet of France in future should be an iron fleet. We all know with what decision, what success, what economy he has carried that idea out. "I have here," said the speaker, "the means of showing you what this armour is. Now to tell the secret of the efficacy of an armour plate. First, as a matter of fact, it stops the shot, as an anvil stops a hammer, and stops it outside the ship; and so, therefore, the armour acts practically as an anvil. When these plates were made they were made to resist 8-pounders, and 4½ inches thickness was ample; but now they were firing shot very much larger. When a round ball, or a round shell, strikes the iron plate, the first thing done is, that it stops the bit of the ball that first touches the armour; next, the bits round it rush on until they too get stopped by the armour; and so this little (!) ball makes a dent for itself; the remainder of the crushed ball seems, as Mr. Faraday says, to be 'squermied' out of shape. I stole the word, it is so capitally expressive. The shape is not like the original ball—it is an entirely new form altogether. I call it 'Faraday's squerm.' But we have not the full weight of mettle here. We have only a part of the shot left, the remainder is dispersed in numerous fragments. This is all that remains—a beautiful smooth, polished cone; the rest has gone everywhere. What meanwhile has happened to the armour? The plate first gets a dent; if Sir William Armstrong hits it twice in the same place the dent gets deeper; and if he hits it again in the same hollow, as he so maliciously does, the dent parts company with the plate and starts on a voyage of exploration for itself. But if this ball (150-pounder) were used, I am sure that at the first hit it would take a piece of its own size away with it. Now, if this occurs with a solid shot, what would happen with a hollow ball made to explode, and fired at the ship? Fortunately we know what would happen. We have seen it fired, and it not only got smashed to pieces, but it forgot to explode; and the only excuse that can be made for this is that it had not time to do so. I do not know if you know what takes place inside of a gun; but artillerymen know it takes some 4 or 5-1000ths of a second for the explosion to go from one end of the charge to the other. Explosion in a shell also takes time, and what happens with the shell striking the armour is, that it gets shattered to pieces and the powder scattered about before it has time to explode; and this not only with four-inch iron, but with plates a great deal thinner." This power of annihilating shell is one of the advantages which iron bestows on a ship, and for which wood is powerless; and upon this very fortunate fact the new principle of naval construction is based, for whatever armour will do against shot, it will infallibly keep out the shell. What kind of armour is best against shell and what against shot is still a subject of discussion. The most important results were being worked out by the committee on iron plates as to the best adaptation of armour for the purposes we want. To the speaker's mind, the best kind of armour and the best kind of ship was that combined in the *Warrior*. There was one gun-deck, in which a battery of guns of the heaviest calibre was placed, and that battery was entirely covered with iron plates, backed with eighteen inches of wood lying between them and the iron skin of the ship. A great effort was now being made to get rid of this wooden backing, which was liable to rot, and contributed no strength to the vessel. When an effective iron backing was constructed, the last improvement would be got that was looked for in the construction of an armour-

plated ship. He then explained what were the great difficulties to contend with in the construction of the new fleet. There was no difficulty in the armour; we know we can keep out the shell and the shot; for if Sir William Armstrong pushes us too hard, we know how much more iron will keep him out. What we have to do that is difficult, is to build a ship that will not merely keep out shell and resist shot, but also possess speed with good sea-going qualities—a monstrous difficulty. The problem was purely one of naval architecture. The difficulty arose in this way: the iron armour placed a very great weight in a very bad place; it tended to make the ship top-heavy, and "crank." Now such a vessel rolls, and a very heavy roll might roll her upside under—an event to be avoided as long as possible. The puzzle was, therefore, to make a stable ship that should stand under this top-weight of armour, and be a good sea-going vessel. The first iron batteries were totally devoid of this quality. They were not "ship-shape," but "sea-chest" shape. Those we sent out to the Black Sea—and one was under a very good captain—never got there, or, if they did, they never did anything but come back again. He referred to them because they were a class of ships that were now being agitated for. The question was now being entertained, in the highest quarters, as to whether our new fleet of vessels should be fit for long voyages and able to encounter heavy seas, such as were necessary for the protection of our colonies and commerce; or whether they should be made unseaworthy slow vessels, incapable of following the enemy if he ran away, still less of catching him. They were only adapted for staying at home; and, in order to hurt the enemy, the enemy must come to them to be hurt. Mr. Scott Russell then went into the details of what he advocated as the best class of shot-proof vessels—the improved *Warrior* class. This class was 58 feet wide, 400 feet long, and more than 7000 tons in size, and cost, fully armed and fitted for sea, not much short of half a million. The distinguishing quality of the *Warrior* was that she had proved a very excellent sea-going vessel. He was happy to say that four more of this class were building, and two already built. Her armour consisted of 4½-inch iron plates, and extended over the whole length to be protected, and came down about 5 feet below water. This arrangement of armour was such that its centre of gravity was brought to 6 feet above the water. Now, for a comfortable ship it was held that the centre of gravity should be near the water line, and this was therefore a problem of some difficulty; but the ship had turned out, nevertheless, a faster man-of-war than any other, and also an easy, good sea-boat. This difficulty of top weight was got over, in Stevens's early armour vessel, by a different method from the *Warrior*. Giving up the problem of a sea-going ship, he took to smooth water, and built his vessel much on the mid-ship section of a London barge; the sides sloped outwards under water, and sloped inwards above water, so as to form a narrow upper deck, carrying seven guns, the angles of the sides being usually a little above water, but capable of being sunk to the level of it during action. So little, however, was she adapted for a sea-going ship, that a false side was obliged to be put up to make her at all seaworthy; and he would only ask our naval officers if such vessels were fit to protect our trade and our possessions on the wide ocean? The Stevens battery is as long as the *Warrior*, is to have as high a speed, and carry a central, shot-proof platform, with seven large guns mounted on turn-tables, and worked below deck by machinery. The guns were pointed downwards for loading, and were returned to their positions, and worked thus by men and machinery below the iron deck, and wholly under cover. There were points of this battery so like some recently proposed to be constructed in this country, that it was difficult to conceive the secret had not transpired. This battery was begun in 1854, and is now about to be finished. The Stephens battery is a favourable specimen of a ship built for action in the smooth waters of America. But it is our duty to construct quite a different class of ships, and the *Warrior* is the type of that class. No one can help seeing the superiority, for our uses, of having such vessels only as can go anywhere and do anything, and are faster, more powerful, more enduring, and more seaworthy than any other steam-ships of any other navy. The *Merrimac*, one of the most beautiful of the American frigates that first set the pattern which has been followed in so many of our own noble vessels, was cut down by the Southerners, and said to have been covered with rails; but, in reality, covered with one coating of plates, six inches broad, and an inch and a half thick, laid diagonally, and a second coating two inches and a half thick in an opposite direction, over a backing of wood. By this simple means she was converted into the formidable vessel that attacked so victoriously the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, and, disabling by the shells poured in, as much as by her power as a ram, destroyed them in a short encounter. The *Monitor*, improvised by Ericsson in three months, is 160 feet long, 40 wide, and six feet deep, and below this upper body is another propelled by steam. She carries a revolving iron tower of six inches thick, containing two heavy guns. Now the upshot of the contest of these two vessels has decided two points for us: 1. That wooden men-of-war are worthless in presence of iron-coated ships; for the *Merrimac* sank two of them without the slightest difficulty. 2. That wooden ships, even coated with iron, are ineffective against iron ships coated with iron armour; for, after a long contest, the *Merrimac* failed to injure the *Monitor*, and had to retire. Capt. Coles's shield vessel was next described. His plans were submitted to the Admiralty in 1859, long prior to the construction of Ericsson's battery. These shields and the *Monitor*'s are much alike in principle, but Capt. Coles's vessel is a far better sea-boat than the *Monitor*, and carries twelve guns instead of one, as in that vessel. Coles's shield has a conical roof, and carries one or two Armstrong 100-pounders fixed in slides, which are parts of the interior of the shield, that moves round on a central pivot, and the men working the guns are turned round in it entirely under cover. The construction of the shield ship designed by the Admiralty is altogether better than the *Monitor*'s. The speaker does not wish, however, to see our war-ships replaced by vessels of this class, but by those worthy of ourselves—a fleet of *Warriors*. Mr. Scott Russell hoped he had now shown how it had come to pass that we had got a useless navy of wooden ships, and only two iron ones ready for service. There were two more nearly ready, not of the *Warrior* class, about which the less he said the more he



should praise them. The Government had, however, laid down the lines for four more enlarged *Warriors*, and this was an atonement for the two he would not say anything about. We must then look to a long time before we shall have more than two ships of the *Warrior* class. He considered this delay deplorable. When the Duke of Somerset was asked in the House why he had not sooner built more iron ships, he said, "the House of Commons had been in no particular hurry." And when he was asked about his tardy adoption of Capt. Coles's plan, he replied, "he delayed until he had consulted the House of Commons about it." Now the serious difficulty was this, while the French Emperor had been making rapid use of his experience of iron batteries, we had not. In 1854, his were at Kinburn and up to their work. In 1856, Capt. Halsted made application to have one of our batteries made the subject of experiment, in order to see if she would resist shot and shell, with a view then to make an iron navy. The Admiralty did have the *Trusty* made ready; and had her out. Then they took fright and sent her back again; and so we lost two years' start. He would now mention a fact of which there was no longer any grounds for concealment. In 1855 he submitted to the surveyor of the navy a drawing and model of the *Warrior* class of ships. That model was now on the table, and exhibited all the important features of construction of the *Warrior* class. But the Admiralty delayed the construction of the first ship of the class till 1859; and so we lost our just claim to the original design of iron ships in armour, with sea-going qualities and speed united. It was Sir John Pakington who, in 1858, first ordered an iron fleet to be commenced, on a joint design of himself, Mr. Scott Russell, and the Surveyor of the Navy. But the French Emperor had already commenced the *Gloire*; so that instead of being, as we might have been, three years ahead of the French Emperor, our delay had given him the lead, and deprived us of our true priority. He concluded by expressing a hope, that the delays and doubts of the Admiralty might now end; that a fleet of enlarged *Warriors* would speedily be constructed, fit to carry English sailors on every sea where our colonies and commerce required their protection; and that no more of our time or money would be wasted in the consideration or construction of inferior classes of vessel, unfit for ocean navigation, and good only to stay at home until the enemy should choose to come and be hurt. We had now proved our *Warrior* class to be sound, wholesome sea-going ships, and to be unparalleled in speed. Of course, improvements would in future be made, and changes introduced. But when our constructions truly embodied the best knowledge and experience of their time, our responsibility was fulfilled, and at present we know of no match for the enlarged *Warrior* class of 7000 tons, and therefore there can no longer remain any excuse for continuing in our present inefficient condition.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. .... Ethnological. 8. 1. Professor Huxley, "On the Human Remains found in the Shih Mountains of the Malay Peninsula." 2. Mr. Ma tie, "On some Human Remains from the Valley of the Trent and Weardale." 3. Mr. Bailey, "On the Vedda of Ceylon." 4. Mr. Clarke, "On some Drawings from Sierra Leone." 5. Dr. Knox, "An Inquiry into Influence of Climate and Hybridity on Man." WED. .... Geologists' Association. 7. FRI. .... Archaeological Institution. 4. SAT. .... Asiatic. 3.

## MISCELLANEA.

A MEETING of the members of the Edinburgh College of Physicians was held on Friday, the 20th, to decide the question of the admission of ladies to the medical profession. On a division, 16 members voted for the admission of ladies to the profession, and 18 against, being a majority of 2 against the proposal.

This afternoon (Saturday), at three o'clock, the Victoria Fountain, presented by Miss Burdett Coutts to Victoria-park, will be inaugurated with a solemn ceremonial. The fountain is situated in the eastern portion of the park, near the Hackney-gate. It is a very handsome fountain, or rather collection of four fountains, built of Portland and Gaseby stone, Peterhead granite, Aubigny stone, Aberdeen granite, and Connemara and Emperor's red marble. It has been executed under the direction of Mr. H. A. Darbishire.

The Corporation of Southampton has issued a notice stating that, as trustees of the Hartley Institution, its members are prepared to receive offers from persons competent to fill the office of principal librarian and curator of that institution, and to take the direction and general management of the same under the approval of the Corporation. This officer must be competent, and will be required, to deliver eight public lectures on literature or science during each year, and to take charge of such classes as may be deemed necessary. We understand that there are several candidates in the field, but that it is highly probable that the choice of the Corporation will fall upon Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, the Secretary of the Apian Society—a gentleman whose scientific acquirements, combined with his extensive experience in connection with great educational establishments, render him fully capable of undertaking the office with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Corporation of Southampton.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* serves up from the columns of the *Patrie* M. Busquet's account of the banquet given to the foreign press at St. James's Hall. We are afraid that some of the wags there must have been hoaxing M. Busquet a little in the matter of the burial place of Watt. It should also be observed that the translation "gives on the Thames" is hardly fair; "qui donne sur la Tamise" being a perfectly correct, idiomatic description of a room looking out upon the river Thames.

M. Busquet, the London correspondent of the *Patrie*, has, I am glad to perceive, resumed his most amusing correspondence in that journal. In his letter of the 18th, he gives an account of a "grand banquet given at the Savage Club—an international banquet—by the English press to the different representatives of the journals of Europe. This banquet was the *Agape* of universal journalism, where the guests gave each other the *Lamourette* kiss on both cheeks," and, "we were all touched by the sympathetic and cordial reception we got." Alluding incidentally to James Watt, he says: "Poor man! he re-

poses unknown under a tuft of grass in the Green Park, and not a single commemorative plate tells the passer-by that there lies, forgotten by his countrymen, one of the noblest sons of England, the benefactor of humanity. Ah! it is not a shame, as M. D—, one of our oldest and most remarkable exhibitors, said to me, that England has not erected a statue to James Watt?" &c. It was not generally known, until M. Busquet informed the readers of the *Patrie*, that James Watt lies buried in the Green Park. It is not, then, true that his remains were buried at Heathfield, that a statue by Chantry was there erected to his memory, another presented to the College of Glasgow; or that a noble monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription by Lord Brougham? ... At the "grand banquet given by the English press to the foreign press," he had the good fortune to meet with some very remarkable characters: "The chairman was Mr. Love, Esq., the esteemed editor of the *CHURCH*; the vice-presidents were Messrs. Tomeling and Cruickshank—this last a very celebrated caricaturist, the European glory. The service was splendid, the cheer delicate, and the most exquisite wines flowed in rivers; but all this luxury touched us less than the sympathetic reception we met with, and the compliments paid to our absent brethren. It was chiefly to the French press that these gracious attentions were addressed, though we were the minority. They drank a great deal; laughed and toasted a great deal in the English fashion—that is to say, with 'Hip, hip, hip, and hurrah!' The first toast was for the Queen; the second to the foreign press, and M. Barral replied in our name. One of our countrymen made a droll speech in all languages, which greatly amused the auditory." The chief success, however, was for the New York orator who, M. Busquet says, produced a great effect by imitating a New York preacher and calling them "asses." M. Busquet's mind grew, I fear, somewhat misty towards the close of the banquet: "About midnight the members of the Arundel Club drew us on to their *cercle*, which gives on the Thames, and from that point we saw early day rising over St. Paul's, while the night still darkened with its shadows the proud Palace of the Parliament, which, as becomes the seat of the maritime nation *par excellence*, bathes its feet in the water—its element and its power." How M. Busquet got home from the "*cercle* which gives on the Thames" he does not say. This part is probably reserved for a future letter.

The *Times* gives the following explanation of the financial prospects of the Great Exhibition: "The question which the great mass of the public seem now most curious and most interested about is whether or not the Exhibition will pay. Every one seems to have his own theory or opinion in this matter, and, as there is hardly any which has not been caused by some more or less inaccurate statement of receipts and expenses, a brief enumeration of facts on this important point may not be unacceptable to our readers as giving them at least a correct basis on which to form their judgment in the matter. The total sum required to clear all expenses of every kind connected with the building, and, in fact, to wind up the whole affair with satisfaction to every one, and probably leave a balance of some few hundreds in hand, is 545,000*l.* This is including the 100,000*l.* still to be given to Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, but is exclusive of the 130,000*l.* required to purchase the building entirely. The agreement of the contractors is that they are to receive 200,000*l.* for the building, and all the receipts between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.*; but if from this latter source they receive another 100,000*l.*, then they are to sell the building absolutely to the Commissioners for 130,000*l.* more. Thus if the total receipts only reach 445,000*l.*, it will clear the guarantors, and pay everything, but it will leave Messrs. Kelk and Lucas without their 100,000*l.*, whereas if, as we have said, they amount to 545,000*l.*, it will satisfy every demand and leave a small balance. Towards this large sum the Commissioners have already got 220,000*l.* in hand. The receipts since the shilling-days began in payments at the doors, have varied from 2000*l.* to 3200*l.* per diem, the average being about 2300*l.* a-day. But to this has to be added the head-money paid by the refreshment contractors; Mr. Morrish pays five-eighths of a penny on all visitors; M. Veillard only pays on half-crown, five-shilling, or season-ticket visitors, having compounded by a payment of 5000*l.* down, for his head-money on the shilling days. Mr. Morrish therefore pays from 80*l.* to 90*l.* a-day, and M. Veillard's payments are from 30*l.* to 40*l.* These sources of revenue, with the profits derived on the sale of catalogues, care of sticks, umbrellas, &c., have brought up the daily receipts to about 2600*l.* The Exhibition has still ninety-eight days to remain open—so that, if the daily receipts continued throughout as low as they have hitherto been, the Commissioners would only receive 254,000*l.* in addition to the 220,000*l.* they have already in hand. This sum would clear the guarantors and all expenses, but would leave Messrs. Kelk and Lucas with only 29,000*l.* instead of their 100,000*l.*—a loss which every one would regret, for, taking all in all, not any have worked harder or more conscientiously for the success of the undertaking than Mr. Kelk or Messrs. Charles and Thomas Lucas. This calculation is based on the payments throughout from all sources only averaging 2600*l.* a day. But yesterday the money payments at the doors was in round numbers 3075*l.*, and the receipts from the other sources we have mentioned—the head-money, sale of catalogues, care of sticks, &c., which is, of course, always in proportion to the attendance, probably brought up this sum to 3300*l.* If this was the average to the close it would give the Commissioners 330,000*l.*, in addition to their 220,000*l.*, enabling them to wind up with 10,000*l.* clear profit. This is taking the moderate view of the case, for the Exhibition is most steadily rising in popular favour, and even admitting that there will be many wet and unfavourable days, when the attendance will be less than 30,000, still, there will be very many days, especially towards the close, when 80,000, 90,000, or even 100,000 will pay their shilling. Those who take the sanguine view of its financial prospects—and these are men who have the most extensive practical experience of excursion traffic in the autumn—say that the numbers of country visitors who will flock to London after the harvest will be so great as to bring the daily average of receipts from all sources from this time up to 4000*l.* To sum up all, therefore, it appears that if matters went on to the close as poorly as they did for the first fortnight of the shilling days, still everything would be paid, but Kelk and Lucas would only receive 29,000*l.* out of their 100,000*l.* If the receipts go on as they are doing now, every one will be paid in full, and some 10,000*l.* remain in hand, but if they advance, as the traffic managers of railways say they will do, the Commissioners will wind up triumphantly with some 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* in hand. With good weather the chances seem in favour of of the last of these views."

## BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

MR. G. H. LEWES has collected another set of his pleasant physiological papers into a volume entitled "Studies in Animal Life." Mr. Thomas Moore, well known to all botanists, has brought out a "Field Botanist's Companion," illustrated with finely coloured plates by Mr. W. Fitch. In books of travel we have the Rev. J. L. McGhee's "How we Got to Pekin, being a Narrative of the Campaign in China in 1860;" Lieut.-Colonel Torrens's "Travels in Ladak, Turkey, and Cashmere;" and Mr. W. B. Dennys's "Account of the Cruise of the *St. George* on the North American and West Indian Station in 1861-62." Mrs. Gatty has produced another book for children, "Aunt Judy's Letters." Mr. H. Spencer has completed his abstruse metaphysical work—"First Principles," and an anonymous writer publishes "An Inquiry into the Theories of History with Special Reference to the Principles of the Positive Philosophy." Dr. Latham adds to his long and growing list of writings a thick volume, "Elements of Comparative Philology." Mr. H. B. Wheatley has written a monograph treating of the History of Anagrams from the earliest ages to the present time. Mr. Mark Napier has got out the second volume of "Memorials and Letters illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee;" and the Rev. G. G. Perry the second volume of his "History of the Church of England from the death of Elizabeth to the present time." The Dissenters have brought out a book of "Documents relating to the Settlement of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity of 1662." In fiction we have "The Ladies of Lovel-Leigh," and "Two Lives," by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. The Rev. M. S. Sadler has printed a second series of his Parish Sermons, and Mr. M. C. Cooke has drawn up "A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi."

The common answer of the publishers to our inquiry for news is, that they will bring out no books until October. They say they never knew a duller season for many a year, and though such complaints are often a matter of course in the summer months, we yet believe they are well grounded at the present time. What is the cause of this state of stagnation in the world of books we cannot imagine, unless, indeed, it is that reading is largely set aside for visits to the International Exhibition. Of course some good books will come dropping out between this and the end of autumn, but there is little doubt that they will be few and far between.

Dr. Lushington's judgment in the case of the "Essays and Reviews" is what might have been expected. Some of the charges against Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson are rejected, some are ordered to be amended, and some are admitted as true. No doubt there will be an appeal to the Privy Council, and a long time may intervene ere the conclusion of the case. The interest of theologians is, of course, unabated in the discussion; but we fear the laity are thoroughly tired of the very name of "Essays and Reviews."

M. VICTOR HUGO's great work, "Les Misérables," is in course of translation by Mr. Lascelles Wrixall, and will be published by Messrs Hurst and Blackett.

MR. FRANCAVELLI'S Practical Treatise on the Art of Confectionery in all its branches will be published in a week or two by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The work will be entitled "The Royal English and Foreign Confectioner," and will contain numerous illustrations in chromo-lithography.

The Queen has appointed Miss Faithfull, of the Victoria Press, printer and publisher to her Majesty, in token of her satisfaction with a volume lately printed for her Majesty by the female compositors at Miss Faithfull's Office.

ANOTHER SHILLING MONTHLY is announced for August—*The Union Magazine*. It will deal with politics and literature in a Conservative and moderately High Church spirit.

"TRUE TO THE LAST," a novel in three volumes, by the author of "Cousin Geoffrey," is preparing for publication by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

"ROMOLA" is the title of Miss Evans's forthcoming novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

"GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," with an illustration by Tenniel, forms the July volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library.

THE REBUILDING of the burnt parts of Paternoster-row makes very slow progress. Messrs. Blackie and Son's new house is nearly completed, but labourers are only working at the foundations of Messrs. Longmans'; and the ruins of Messrs. Blackwood and Son's are standing untouched.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER AND CO. are about to publish a small volume of "First Lessons in the Maori Language," by Mr. W. L. Williams, a resident in New Zealand.

THE JOURNAL OF THE TYPOGRAPHIC ARTS, the monthly organ of the printers of London, has been discontinued for lack of support.

AT EDINBURGH last week the copyright and printing plant of the *Scottish Press* and the *Edinburgh News* were exposed for sale by public auction. There was no competition, and the two papers were knocked down at the upset price of 750*l.* to Mr. George Mackay, of the *Strathern Herald*.

MESSRS. HOGG AND SONS seem determined to take time by the forelock. This is June, and they announce that in January they will commence *The Churchman's Family Magazine*, a shilling monthly, on the model of *London Society*. The contributions will be written by clergymen and others in connection with the Church of England.

A FOURTH EDITION of "Puck on Pegasus" has just been published. It contains some poems, after the Bon Gaultier style, not given in the previous issues. "The Poet Close," "How we got to the Brighton Review," "Ode to Hampstead," "A Case in Lunacy," and "The Du Chailu Controversy," are the new themes of Mr. Pennell's fun. The names of the Messrs. Routledge and Mr. Hotten appear on the title as the joint publishers.

A NEW PAPER, called the *Kaffrarian Post*, published in English and German, has been started in King William's Town, at the Cape of Good Hope.

THE VIENNA COMMISSIONERS of the International Exhibition have printed three official editions of the Austrian catalogue—one in German, on paper made of maize fibres and linen rags; one in French, on paper of maize fibres and cotton rags; and one in English, on paper of maize fibres, linen rags, and cotton rags. They all have a very good appearance, and take the ink well.

MR. COLMAN BURROUGHS is persevering with his scheme of the *London Correspondent*, a newspaper in which all the events of the week are to be narrated in the form of letters "tersely and vigorously written." The prospectus of a joint-stock company for the purpose has been issued. It is proposed to raise a capital of 5000*l.*, in shares of 1*l.* each, under the Limited Liability Act.

LONDON CORRESPONDENTS OF COUNTRY PAPERS.—The anxiety of the provincial press to possess a London correspondent in some cases exceeds the willingness to pay one. In the *Nottingham Telegraph* of the 21st inst. is a letter headed "Notes by our Man about Town." Every line of that letter is pillaged from other papers. One paragraph, for instance, relative to "Afflicted Umbrellas," is taken from the letter of the London correspondent of the *Bury Times*, June 14, and the remaining paragraphs are severally taken from London letters in other papers. As to the honesty of such a proceeding we need say nothing.

THE stoppage of the circulation of the *British Star* ('O Bristannus' *Astron*), the Greek newspaper at the English ambassadorial post-office at Constantinople, which we mentioned last week, brought on a lively discussion in the House of Commons. It seems that it was King Otho who took offence at the *Star*, and complained to the Porte. The Porte complained to Lord Russell, who interdicted Mr. Zenos from the use of the post-office. At this juncture Mr. Zenos offered to suppress entirely the political part of the paper, and to continue the literary, pictorial, and general news only. This offer only brought on Mr. Zenos a "snub," as Mr. Maguire expressed it, through Mr. Layard. The debate between Mr. Maguire and Mr. Layard grew very warm, and Lord Palmerston had to interfere and mediate between the combatants, and even Mr. Roebuck had to recommend more good temper and suavity. By all this Mr. Zenos takes nothing, for it is obviously impossible for England to insist on circulating papers in Turkey or Greece to which their Governments object.

INVENTORS have for many generations tried their skill in making paper from the fibres of plants easily and cheaply obtained. About 1770, one Jacob Christian Schiffer, a pastor at Ratisbon, produced a little volume of sixty leaves, all made of different substances. Among them were the bark of the willow, the beech, the aspen, the hawthorn, the linden, and the mulberry, the down of the catkins of the black poplar; the silky down of the asclepias; the tendrils of the vine; the stalks of the nettle, the mugwort, and the dyer's weed; wood-shavings, saw-dust, potatoes, and fir-cones; and numerous varieties of leaves, stalks, reeds, straw, moss, and lichen. On every leaf a portion of description was printed. A copy of this curious book will be found in the British Museum. Later in the century, a French Marquis printed a small volume of his own poems on paper derived from some of those unusual sources; and, as was sarcastically observed, "the paper was worthy of the poetry."

MR. MICHAEL MAHER died at Birmingham on the 23rd inst. He was born in Dublin, but in early life became connected with the *Coventry Observer*, for which he wrote for several years. In 1833 he entered into an engagement with the *Birmingham Journal*, with which he continued until 1845, during which exciting and important period of our political history it fell to the lot of Mr. Maher to attend, for the purpose of reporting their proceedings, many of the great public meetings held in Birmingham and its neighbourhood, for the promotion of Reform in Parliament, and the redress of public abuses, and he thereby became associated with the late Mr. Thos. Attwood and most of the leading Reformers of the day. Mr. Maher afterwards became the correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Morning Herald* for the Midland Counties. He was a member of the Birmingham Town Council and Board of Guardians, and was held in high respect in that town.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the ROYAL LITERARY FUND came off on Wednesday evening in the Freemasons' Tavern. Earl Granville presided, and in the course of his speech observed: "I have sometimes heard it objected to associations like the present, that they are contrary to the principles of political economy. I have had the honour and privilege of intimate acquaintance with very eminent political economists, but have never heard any objection to the efforts of this society, even from those who were most stringent in the application of the rules of that science to the affairs of daily life. It was ridiculous to suppose that the very few hundreds of pounds which the society has at its disposal can afford the slightest encouragement to any one to devote himself to literature regardless of the chances of obtaining a livelihood by his pen, and to rely on the somewhat precarious assistance which he might receive from the fund. I was very much struck by a passage in the memoirs of Thomas Moore, the poet, in which he said that the resources of a man of genius, like the perfumes of the East, are exceedingly liable to exhaustion, and drew a painful picture of the misery and degradation of such men when reduced to indigence by the loss of their powers. This association has removed a serious stigma from the country, in providing for the assistance of men in that melancholy position. The fund has now attained an age when I think some portion of its earlier records might be given to the world. I cannot imagine that any one who has the honour to be descended from such a man as a Johnson or a Goldsmith could be so foolish as to be ashamed that his ancestor had once been at a loss for a lodging or a meal. It has been said that among the ancient Greeks the first race of poets were gods, the second heroes, the third bards, and the fourth beggars. A change in exactly the opposite direction has taken place in the situation of modern men of letters. Instead of depending on the uncertain bounty of a patron, who might or might not be capable of appreciating their productions, they now appealed to a patron who had more judgment, and who was a more reliable paymaster—the reading public at large. That had been a most beneficial change for authors as a body, but its advantage was not extended to the writers of books which required great labour and research, and related to subjects of a dry and unpopular character. Nor did it prevent altogether those periods of sickness and discouragement which might from time to time occur. There are some occasions when the intervention of the secretary might mitigate distress and enable the sufferer to renew his labours for the instruction and delight of mankind, and there are other occasions when, if it failed to do that, it could at least soothe the death-bed of the unfortunate man by the assurance that his children would not be neglected. On



these grounds I appeal to you with confidence and substantial support to the institution. I desire to couple with the toast the name of our illustrious president the Marquis of Lansdowne. Words fail me to express the personal affection and gratitude with which I regard him. You all know that it is not by the mere accident of wealth or rank that the noble lord occupies a prominent position in the country; and it is appropriate to remember that, although an active politician and a lover of foreign travel, he has never allowed any of those occupations to distract him from his deep attachment to literature and to the society of men of letters." Lord Granville concluded by proposing "Prosperity to the Royal Literary Fund," coupled with the name of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The toast was received with hearty applause. Mr G. Godwin, in announcing the subscriptions which had been received, mentioned that last year 1350*l.* had been distributed in sums of from 10*l.* to 100*l.*, in relieving cases of distress. Among the objects of this benevolent assistance were eight writers of history and biography, five of periodical literature, six of topography and travels, seven of poetry, &c. Among the other toasts were "The Chairman," proposed by the Right Hon. J. Napier; "The Literature of Great Britain," by Mr. Beresford Hope, and responded to by Mr. H. Merivale; "The Travellers," coupled with the name of Mr. Kennedy, President of the Alpine Club, by Mr. Merivale; "The Literature of Foreign Countries," by Mr. R. Bell, &c.

UNITED STATES.—THE NEW YORK DIRECTORY made its first appearance in 1786, and contained 302 names. It has been continued every year since that date, and has gradually and most prodigiously thickened. In 1861 it contained 152,825 names, and this year, in spite of the war, it has not gone back, but registers 153,186 names.

THE PUBLISHERS OF PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK have already received orders from the Western market for 40,000 copies. They will issue an immense edition, and a dozen presses are now kept at work upon it night and day.

FRANCE.—A RUMOUR has gone abroad that her Majesty the Empress of the French, willing to vie with the Emperor in literary enterprise, has consented to furnish the funds for the new journal, *La France*, which is about to appear under the direction of M. de la Guéronnière, and to be entirely dedicated to the furtherance of the Papal power.

### TRADE NEWS.

BANKRUPTS.—Charles Tainton, Worcester, bookbinder, June 30, at 12. Elias Isaacs, Assembly-row, Mile-end-road, late manufacturer of coloured paper, July 8, at 2.

Charles Jackson, Nottingham, map-dealer, July 15, at 11. DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND.—J. Adlard, Pond-lane, Clapton, lithographer, div. of 20*s.* in the pound.

A BLACK DOCTOR OF DIVINITY IN A LIVERPOOL BOOKSELLER'S SHOP.—This week the Rev. James Pennington, D.D., a coloured minister connected with the Presbyterian Church in New York, was brought up on remand, at the Liverpool Police-court, charged with stealing a copy of Pope's "Homer's Odyssey" from the shop of Mr. Stephens, bookseller, Dale-street. The chief witness against the prisoner was a boy in Mr. Stephens's employment, who distinctly swore to seeing the prisoner in the shop with the book in his possession, and afterwards following the prisoner into the street, when the stolen property was found in his breast. He denied the theft, and in proof of his innocence referred to his intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Raffles, the Rev. Dr. Crighton, and several other eminent divines in this country, with the view of showing that he was incapable of the crime imputed to him. At the rehearing of the case Mr. Deighton, barrister, appeared for the prisoner; and Mr. Wilding, the American consul, was also present. The main facts of the charge against the prisoner having been heard, Mr. Deighton, on his behalf, said that his client was a gentleman of high character, and had no intention of stealing the book. A great deal of what Mr. Stephens's boy had said could have been contradicted had the prisoner had the opportunity of doing so. Mr. Melly, the presiding magistrate, said that three letters had been received by the Bench, all of them suggesting that if the book had been taken by the prisoner it must have been in a fit of abstraction; that such things had occurred, and asking the Bench to deal leniently with the prisoner, if they really believed he had taken the property. But, if the prisoner did take the book in a fit of abstraction, why on earth did he not give it up immediately on Mr. Stephens's boy accosting him in the street? At the prisoner's request, Mr. Wilding, the American Consul, was called, and, in answer to Mr. Deighton, said that no passports were granted to any persons by the United States Government unless there was evidence that the parties applying were respectable. In giving their decision on the case, the Bench said it was a very painful thing to have to pass sentence on a person who had evidently for a long period occupied such a high position, but they had no alternative but to commit the prisoner for one month with hard labour. It appears that hitherto the prisoner has held a very distinguished position, both in the United States and this country, as a minister in connection with the Presbyterian Church.

### SALES BY AUCTION.

#### COMING SALES.

By Messrs. SOTHEY and WILKINSON, at 13, Wellington-street, Strand, on Monday, June 30, and nine following days, the library of the late Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, Provost of Eton.

#### PAST SALES.

Messrs. SOTHEY and WILKINSON, on three days, commencing on Wednesday, last week, sold off the library of the late Rev. Charles Lloyd. The sale realised 743*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* Amongst the lots sold may be mentioned:

Horæ beatiss. virginis secundum consuetudinem Romanæ curiæ. Septem psalmi penitentialia cū letaniis et orationibus. First Aldine edition, original binding. Venetiis, apud Aldum, 1497. Bishop Butler's copy, sold for 35*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* 21*l.* 10*s.*

Bembi (Petri) de Ætna ad Angelum Chabrielem Liber. Venetiis, in Ædibus Aldi, 1495. 16*l.* 10*s.*

Poetæ Christiani Veteres, Græci et Latini, 4 vols. Complete, including the Nonnus. Venetiis apud Aldum, 1501-4. 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Athenæus, Græcæ, ex Recensione Marci Musuri. First edition on large paper. With the autograph signatures and MS. notes of Erasmus, Heinsius and Rutgersius. 8*l.* 10*s.*

Biblia Sacra vulgate Editionis Sixti quinti Pont. Max. Jussu recognita atque edita. Romæ ex Typographia Apostolica Vaticana (Aldus) 1592. 8*l.* 8*s.*

Jamblichus de Mysteriis Ægyptiorum, Chaldeorum, Assyriorum. Accedunt Opuscula varia Procli, Porphyrii, Synesii, Pselli et aliorum. Omnia Latine. Venetiis, Aldus, 1516. 14*l.* 14*s.*

Statius cum Orthographia et Flexu Dictionum Græcarum omnium. large copy, with P. Melancthon's autograph notes on fly-leaves, in the original binding, with clasps. Venetiis, Aldus, 1502. 3*l.*

Rhetores Græci, 2 vols. Venetiis Aldus, 1508-9. 9*l.* 5*s.*

Cornwall. Liber Stannarii de Foymore et aliorum Stannariorum infra Com. Cornubie, consisting of copies of Charters, Letters, Patent, Petitions, Reports, Acts, &c., particulars of working the Tin Mines, the Stannaries annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall, &c., &c. A Book containing a great many Cornish words and their Etymological Significations, with Songs and other Verses written by William Guavas of Newlyn in Mountsbay and transcribed in the year 1733, in 1 vol. folio. 46*l.* 10*s.*

London. The Benefices, &c. within the Diocese of London, the Procurations due to the Bishop, with his Lordship's Patronage, &c., in the Counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfordshire, together with the names of the several Incumbents, Assistant Curates, and Patrons (from near the commencement of the last Century, continued to the present Century) the Value of the Livings, Extent and Population of the Parish, names of the Founders and Benefactors, Notices of those Churches in London destroyed by the Great Fire, the dates when rebuilt, and other remarkable occurrences, a Manuscript of upwards of 300 pages, compiled by William Dicks, Secretary to the Bp. of London in 1763, folio. 41*l.* 5*s.*

Welsh Pedigrees, Songs, and other Poetical Pieces, Historical and Miscellaneous Memoranda, &c. Manuscript, principally by Phillip Powell, from about 1618 to 1636, a few by Games Parry in 1632, Edward Games, the first Recorder of Brecknock, and others, small folio. 21*l.*

Manuscript Collections of the late Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., the Historian of Hallamshire, comprising historical, genealogical, and other manuscript papers, transcribed and collected by or for this writer, transcripts of unpublished manuscripts, literary correspondence, and a variety of papers of high interest to the literary antiquary. 28*l.*

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

#### ENGLISH.

ADAMS—The Men at the Helm: Biographical Sketches of Great English Statesmen. By W. H. D. Adams. Illustrated. 12mo cl 3*s.* 6*d.* Hogz and Sons

ARITHMETIC (A Graded). Book the First: Notation and the Four Simple Rules, with 1109 Examples (The Herbert Series of Short School Books). Fcp 8vo cl swd 6*d.* cl bds 1*s.* A. Ireland and Co.

ASHFORD—Protopus, Fistula in Ano, and Hemorrhoidal Affections; their Pathology and Treatment. By T. J. Ashford. Cr 8vo cl 2*s.* 6*d.* Churchill

BARRITT—The Far West; or, the Beauty of Willard's Mill. By Mrs. F. F. Barritt (Beadle's American Library, No. XVII.) Fcp 8vo swd 6*d.* Beadle and Co.

BRAITHWAITE—A Commentary on Midwifery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, for the Last Half-year. By W. Braithwaite, M.D., and James Braithwaite, M.D. (Reprinted from "Braithwaite's Retrospect," Vol. XL.) No. 3. January to June 1862. 12mo swd, 2*s.* 6*d.* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

BRAITHWAITE'S (W. and J.) Retrospect of Medicine. Vol. XLV. January to June, 1862. 12mo cl 6*s.* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

CHAMBER'S Journal. Vol. XVII. January to June, 1862. Royal 8vo cl 4*s.* 6*d.* W. and R. Chambers

COGHILAN'S Handbook for North Italy. New edit for 1862. 12mo cl limp 2*s.* 6*d.* Triebner and Co.

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